

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HISTORIC
MILESTONES



TO CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS · COMMANDER OF THAT STUPENDOUS UNDERTAKING THAT FOREVER LINKS HIS NAME AND WILLIAM CLARK'S · THERE CAN HARDLY HAVE COME IN THE BRIEF COURSE OF HIS VIVID AND ADVENTUROUS LIFE A MORE THRILLING MOMENT THAN THAT IN WHICH · AT COW CREEK · MONTANA · ON MAY 26 · 1806 · HE CAUGHT HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, "THE OBJECT OF ALL OUR HOPES AND THE REWARD OF ALL OUR AMBITION"



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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THE GOOD JOB

By Mae Foster Jay

RIDING with Gregg Davidson in a battered little old automobile over a mountain trail so tortuous and rocky as to be fascinating was a more awesome experience to Dick Storey than guiding his Herne sales car through the traffic of Michigan Boulevard at the most crowded hour. Fifteen miles there were for them to cover, climbing and descending, over and through and round low mountains that formed this spur of the Ozarks.

Dick marveled at the stark quiet, at the matchless wooded landscape, the loneliness of which was relieved only by an occasional log cabin or a rail fence. Incongruous in such a setting was the activity of the two hundred men engaged in building the new state highway—a bridge gang here, a grading gang there, a construction camp, a lakelike reservoir that Gregg had built for water supply, the paving and finishing machines that a continuously roaring fleet of trucks was feeding, the panting, sweating gang of laborers, form setters, pipe layers, stock piles that were young mountains of stone and sand.

"Gregg," declared Dick frankly, "I feel as out of place as—as a South Sea Islander set down in State Street for the first time! I don't know what you're going to do with me down here!"

Davidson laughed as he guided the car into a narrow cut where laborers were slowly widening the roadbed, which had been blasted out of solid rock. "I'm going to introduce you to what you seem to have missed—a good job. This is just one of the stepping stones—preparation of the subgrade, first essential to pavement construction."

Davidson climbed out of the car to give some orders to the grading foreman and then turned back shortly; a grin had spread over his eager face. "Dick, you can drive any car or boat that's made and fly a plane, but I'll wager you never operated a mule!"

Dick shook his head.

"Then you have a new thrill coming!" Sobering, Davidson added, "I want you to work here for a time swinging the pick and shovel, handling the slip and all that kind of thing—learn what a day's work is, so that when I put you in charge of men you'll know what to expect of them."

"All right," came the pleasant answer. "By the way, Gregg, what do I get out of this?"

"Thirty cents to start with."

Dick's eyes grew wide. "Thirty—thirty cents!"

"Yes," replied Davidson. "Thirty cents an hour."

"But—but, Gregg!" Dick gasped. "You told me I could make a living down here!"

"Oh, you can," was the assured answer. "You see, board and room will cost you only seven a week. You'll be able to save a bit."

"And where do we go from here?" Dick managed to ask weakly.

"On and up," said Gregg laughing. "Thirty-five cents, then forty—"

"And the goal to be reached?"

"Well, my foremen and machine operators who have been with me longest are getting close to two hundred a month." A smile, half rebellious, half resigned, fitted over Davidson's fine face. "And when you get to be superintendent of construction on your own job, Dick, and have given the state your faithful service for several years you may aspire to the fabulous salary of three hundred a month, like your humble servant

graduate, aviator and automobile salesman, set to work on a stubborn rock that must be dug from its place. He could see the half-concealed smiles of the other workmen as they observed his awkwardness. Well, that would pass along with the rebellion of his muscles. Thirty cents an hour—for ten hours. That made a day's work down here.



Five o'clock and nine hundred feet!

here. Engineers, you know, like school-teachers, are supposed to be above mercenary motives in their work."

Dick opened his mouth impulsively to answer, but he considered and closed it again.

"Don't overdo at first, boy. Toughen up gradually. Henry over there will tell you what to do. He's leaving in a few days, and then I'll want you to run this gang for a while." And Gregg Davidson was off down the road.

Dick Storey plumped himself on a rock, held his head, swallowed hard a few times and rubbed his eyes as if to make sure that he was awake. He had received a jolt. For some time he considered his predicament in bleak dismay. At last he laughed grimly. The joke was on him; he had jumped at conclusions. Envious of Gregg, who had seemed to exude success when they had lunched together in the city a few weeks before, and who had held forth enthusiastically about the "bully" work he was doing, Dick had confided his disgust with his own adventures in jobs,—in the air mail service, as bond salesman and then as automobile salesman,—each of which had failed to provide him a living. He had rushed down to the Ozarks after being overwhelmed in an avalanche of monthly bills, because Gregg had assured him of a good job. And here was Gregg, with years of successful engineering experience behind him, getting a paltry three hundred dollars! "Why, I earned almost as much as that selling Herne cars and thought it was a pittance!" Dick had been on the point of exclaiming, but had caught himself in time.

He made a quick resolve. He would not tell Gregg that he was immeasurably worse off for coming down; he would do his work and pretend to like it until he could save enough money to get back to the city.

So with a pick Dick Storey, college

He thought of his alarm clock, which was accustomed to ring at nine o'clock in the morning; of his leisurely calls upon clients for a few hours each day; of the opportunity that his former work had given him for dropping into an afternoon concert; of the evenings when he was never too tired to seek either some place of amusement or one of his clubs. It would take—thus he figured to the thud of his dogged strokes—at least four months to save enough money to get away. Groaning inwardly, he went up ahead when Henry, the grading foreman, called him to be instructed in the mysteries of personally conducting a team of mules and a slip scraper. On monotonous trip after monotonous trip he drove the machine into the hard earth where a cut was to be made, heaved all his weight upon it, hauled it ahead to the next fill, dumped it and, blinded with clouds of dust, turned back to refill.

During the two weeks that he was "straw boss" of the subgrading gang Dick had to muster all of his endurance to stick to his resolution. His arms and back were torturingly lame; his calves ached like toothache; his eyes smarted from the dust; his patience was worn thin by the whimsies of the mules. But Dick's chin was square, and for Gregg's sake he gallantly feigned to be enthusiastic over his work.

After the first two weeks, however, he

discovered that he no longer had to pretend to be interested. For then Gregg said to him, "Your next stunt, Dick, will be to learn to operate every piece of machinery on the job."

Dick had loved machinery all his life, and now to become intimately acquainted with so large an assortment! "It'll be one glorious party!" he declared to Gregg, and to himself he added, "It will make my term of penance seem shorter!"

Indeed the following months sped by. In turn Dick ran the crane, unloading stone and sand; he pulled the grader with the great tractor, tearing up the old hard packed road; he ran the steam roller over the subgrade; he drove trucks and repaired them; he ran the loading machines and the huge mixer, thrilling as he discharged the great bucketfuls of concrete; he ran the finishing machine over the freshly-poured pavement and had the satisfaction of leaving a stretch of smooth, well-built road behind him.

All the time he was getting nearer and nearer his goal by saving determinedly from his small earnings. He even washed out his own underclothes each night in order to save laundry bills. He laughed at himself, a fellow who had always had a reputation for being a free spender, for his rigid economies. But they supplied the only way out.

Dick never ceased to marvel at Gregg Davidson. The man's enthusiasm was so fine and unflagging; he gave such scrupulous care to the countless details that claimed his attention; he endured so persistently; up and down the road he went from six o'clock in the morning until eight at night and rushed through his office work after that! All for a miserable three hundred dollars a month! Nothing for all his overtime, and he never complained—Dick quite lost patience over the matter. It was a confounded shame for a man to throw himself away like that and not to realize that he was doing so!

Dick's affection for Gregg, which was his small boy's hero worship glorified,—for the two had been neighbors in the same small town,—was what made the thought of leaving unexpectedly hard. Dick said to himself that Gregg would be grieved to learn that he was dissatisfied.

The day came when the little bank account had grown, bit by bit, to almost one hundred dollars. It was when Davidson came by to see how Dick was getting on with repairing a loader that Dick finally made known his purpose.

"But, good gracious, Dick!" Gregg remonstrated. "I had congratulated myself that you were really interested!"

"Oh, I am interested!" Dick stammered. "But I feel that I can do better,—and,—and it will all be owing to you, Gregg. You've taught me two things—what a day's work is and that a man's expenditures should be governed by his income. Now, you see, going back to my old job, or one like it and applying those principles—"

"Yes," said Gregg tersely, "but what is going to make you apply them?" Gregg's forehead wrinkled in disappointment. "Dick, haven't you any idea yet what a good job is?"

What was Gregg trying to get at anyhow? "It seems to me, Gregg," Dick burst out impulsively, "that it would be more in order for me to ask you that!"

"Um. Think it over and hang round a few days longer."

The following day at a most inopportune time Gregg Davidson was called away to a conference at headquarters. Hitherto the pavement had traveled down one hill only to start abruptly up another, and the going had

been slow; six hundred feet was a good day's run. Now, however, they were coming down into a considerable little valley where there was nearly a mile of roadbed that was almost level. Davidson had been counting on making a record run of a thousand feet a day on that stretch.

"Oh, well," he said philosophically on leaving, "by tonight everything will be set for the first thousand feet. There's a good stretch of subgrade ready; machinery's all shipshape, and Jim out there is the best paving foreman in the state. He'll carry on. You jump in anywhere you see you're needed, Dick. We'll get our thousand feet!"

It did look plausible. And the day's work went on creditably, though it was the hottest day of the summer,—the mercury was well over a hundred degrees,—and though the mixer was still in a deep cut where not a breath of a breeze could reach it. As Gregg had prophesied, Jim carried on more than zealously with his added responsibility—too zealously it proved in such heat. Toward the close of the afternoon he was prostrated.

"If only it could have got me instead!" Dick Storey kept saying as he attended to sending Jim in to the doctor. Calamity of calamities! But there was little time for him to brood over it. He was much too busy looking after the details of closing down—covering the finished pavement, preparing the subgrade for the next day, all of the details that he had seen Jim attend to. Then he went into town on the last truck.

"Hi, Dick!" called a crowd of truck drivers as he entered the mess house. "Let's run up to St. Louis over Sunday. No work tomorrow. The doctor says Jim can't be around for several days."

Dick faced them. "You mean," he asked slowly, "that you think that paver is going to shut down tomorrow?" An idle paver! Dick figured hastily. That meant that production amounting to from five thousand to seven thousand dollars would not be accomplished.

"It can't run without a boss. Sure it'll shut down," the driver insisted.

"Well, it won't!" Dick heard himself reply involuntarily.

"Who's going to run the paving gang?"

Dick lived through an awful moment of doubt and apprehension. But Gregg had told him to jump in wherever he was needed, and surely he was needed here. He might not be able to fill Jim's place, but at least he could rattle round in it. "I'm going to run it," he answered the boys steadily. "Just spread the news round, will you, so we won't be short of labor?"

Dog-tired, Dick went to his room and to bed, but he slept little, for his mind was too busy with problems for the morrow. Would the workmen respect his authority? How hard should he dare drive them in that scorching heat? A shower came up in the night,—blessed relief!—but would it make the following day's work impossible? Dick was up at daylight and out on the road in Davidson's car. The shower, he found, had merely laid the dust out at the mixer. His spirits rose immeasurably.

"I believe," he declared wonderingly to himself, "that I feel as tickled as I did when I was a kid and found that the rain hadn't spoiled the picnic!"

He hurried back to town, started the trucks out loaded with laborers, snatched a bite of breakfast and was on the road again, passing the workmen.

A thousand feet from where the mixer loomed he stopped, and setting a stake, tied his handkerchief to it. That was the goal they must reach! "A thousand feet today or bust!" he declared.

Then he brought himself up short. What difference did it make how much he personally desired to reach the goal? Alone he could not do it. He realized how greatly success depends upon the co-operation of the whole organization. Results mattered little to the rank and file of those men. He could count on his fingers those who really cared. Dobbs, the mixer-operator, he could count on—and the great mixer reared itself there majestically as if asserting how easily it could step over those thousand feet if only it could be fed fast enough. The operator of the finishing machine was an expert and took pride in his work. He would keep up with the mixer, whatever its pace. But the laborers who shoveled the concrete would be better pleased to go a hundred feet than a thousand! Back at the loaders, one of the operators was right there on the job; the other was a dailier.



Perhaps half the truck drivers could be counted on to get their loads to the mixer without wasting time; the others would fiddle along.

The workmen were arriving now and taking up their stations. Somehow he must inspire them to their greatest output. How to do it? He went forward among them. "Say," he began, "we're on our own today, and the chief's expecting us to make a thousand feet. There's our goal. Let's reach it! It has cooled off, a bully day to make a record run! What say?"

He looked about him. Yes, he saw enthusiasm, but only where he had expected it; elsewhere was indifference. A thousand feet? That meant shoveling hard and fast, pounding a truck steadily over rough roads, humping every minute. Why exert themselves so? What did they get out of it?

Dick's spirits sank. Then from somewhere in the depths came his inspiration. "And, say, wait a minute!" he added, taking out his notebook and figuring excitedly. Eighty to a hundred men averaging about thirty cents an hour. Great! There was just enough! "And for anything over eight hundred feet," Dick added, "there'll be a bonus of one extra hour's pay to every man; for over nine hundred feet, two hours' pay; for over one thousand feet, three hours' pay. And the bonus is cash tonight!"

And now as Dick looked round where there had been indifference there was eagerness. Large eyes gleamed with childish anticipation in black faces; the men seized their picks and shovels willingly.

"I'll hurry back to the loaders and tell that gang the news!" shouted a usually apathetic driver.

The scheme promised success; yet there was something bordering on contempt in the smiles that Dick and Dobbs exchanged.

Presently there came the roar of the loaders a quarter of a mile down the road as the stone and sand from the stock piles clanked out of the small loader buckets into the trucks; a cloud of dust rose from the cement platform as the bags were emptied. The first of the day's procession of loaded trucks came hurrying down the road, turned expertly on the turntable, backed to the mixer and dumped its batch into the enormous skip. The skip rose slowly to its height of more than twenty feet, dumped and fell while the roaring drum revolved with the mix. A minute later the bucket shot out on its boom; Dobbs discharged its load, and the colored boys, up to their knees in the agglutinating mass, eagerly plied their shovels and sang: "Ah shuan can use dem extra nickels, Mistah Dick!" The finishing machine struck off and tamped and smoothed assuredly.

Dick bounded to the platform of the mixer beside Dobbs; his blood was racing through his veins. "I declare," he cried, laughing, "I'm getting more excited over seeing this big old boy plod over those thousand feet than I did over last year's auto races!"

All the morning the paver moved resolutely and umberously forward. By noon they had finished a good half of their distance. The men cheered as they gathered about the hot lunch sent out from the mess house. Dick hurried into town in the car and visited the bank.

Promptly at one o'clock—there was no stalling today—the procession of trucks began again. Steadily the ribbon-like pavement stretched its smooth gray length farther and farther along the little valley. Dick looked ahead in absorbed anticipation; it was great to think of its winding on and on over the next hill into the town! All day he was first here and then there on the work, attending to the hundred details on which smooth running depended. But Dick did not feel that he was running the job; he felt that the job was running him, that it had reached out and laid hold on him with some strong hypnotic influence.

Four o'clock and eight hundred feet of pavement! Hats went up into the air. Five o'clock and nine hundred feet! Black-faced boys began spending "dem extra nickels" while they shovelled tirelessly. Everyone seemed almost to be holding his breath lest some of the machinery break during this last hour. But the little god of luck was with them; at six o'clock they had run twenty feet past the goal. It was done!

But Dick Storey had scant time to realize his triumph. He was too busy handing out small change from the small leather bag that he had brought from the bank—seventy-five cents here, ninety there, a dollar, a dollar and

twenty, till he had given out almost one hundred dollars and the bag was lean.

"Dick," inquired Gregg Davidson the following evening, leaning back in his office chair, "how did you ever come to think of that bonus idea?"

"Well, how else could you do it?" Dick countered in tones of disgust. "The majority of those men work merely for what they get out of it."

Davidson threw back his head and laughed uproariously.

Dick Storey stared at him for a moment and flushed. He realized all at once just why Gregg was laughing. It was not so long ago that he himself had been accustomed to think of his work in terms of what he got out of it! He thought of that day in Chicago and of his discontented tale to Gregg—

"Now you're talking, boy!" the superintendent interrupted him. "Before this you've had the idea that life is one vast playground and work something incidental to furnish expense money. Naturally it never furnished enough. Quite a common attitude. But when a job once gets under your skin—you see, you never before got on intimate enough terms with one to let it—you're going to forget to howl round about not being able to make a living, for a living won't be such a complex, fastidious thing as you've thought it was!"

Davidson hesitated, then tossed a freshly-opened letter in Dick's direction and added modestly: "Moreover when you're living for

your work instead of working for your living things sort of adjust themselves. I was surprised by a hundred dollar raise today. Things come as a rule, I believe, for value received."

Dick Storey began to understand. He remembered the thrill that he had felt as he watched the mixer stalk ahead, the fun of seeing the road unroll through the valley under his direction.

"But, Dick,"—Gregg was quizzical now,—"how do you figure you're going to get back to the city, now that your little wad is all spent as a bonus for wops and colored boys?"

Dick looked up in astonishment as if he had scarcely realized before that his savings were gone. Then he laughed recklessly. "I want to see that road come rolling into town! Do you want me to stay, Gregg? Can I do you any good?"

"That's the slant!" came the joyous answer. Gregg chuckled softly to himself for a while and then added quietly: "All this time, Dick, I've been training you with your versatility of qualifications to be my utility man, one that I can use anywhere in any emergency. Does the job appeal to you?"

"Does it?" cried Dick, quite forgetting the matter of compensation. "It's a humdinger! It'll be a regular sport!"

"And that," observed Gregg Davidson succinctly, "is a first-class definition of a good job. For after all work is the biggest, most thrilling game there is!"

THE DRESS

By Elizabeth Howard Atkins
In Two Parts



MADGE took her party dress out of the cedar closet and, holding it at arm's length, looked at it ruefully. It was just the color of Irish elegance roses and the sort of dress that never

goes out of style, but it was two years old, terribly antiquated! Father was ridiculously fond of it, and Madge had to admit to herself that it was becoming. But now she flung it on a chair in a heap and sat down on the floor to think, which meant mostly yearning for something she knew she shouldn't ask her father for—a new dress.

Father hadn't been doing well in business lately. He had a worried look and a habit of not listening to what you were saying to him, of smiling mechanically at your jokes and of not even noticing the things you did to please and surprise him, such as preparing a dessert that he liked or knitting him that thick and handsome pair of golf stockings—with Katie's help where you turned the heel—or arranging a particularly lovely bouquet of flowers.

Except for Katie, who had presided in the kitchen and made herself felt all over the rest of the house ever since Madge could remember, there were in the family only herself and her father. Out of the past came memories of her mother, some one in a soft, trailing dress who always bent over her crib to kiss her just as she was going to sleep or who sometimes sang at the old square piano with the lamplight shining in her rippling brown hair—songs out of a quaint book called *Pan Pipes*. Laughing and tender, she had always been there in those remembered days—the sun and centre of a little girl's life. But then had come a day when the

curtains were drawn in the room upstairs, and a large friendly woman wearing a small dot of a cap and a crisp, rustling white dress, lifted you up to kiss a person you loved and clung to—a person whose eyes seemed strangely large and dark.

Madge still remembered the pain of the wondering, lonely days that followed. She had been four years old then; now she was fifteen and her father's constant companion. All these years she and her father had been chums in a very intimate sense. They had

played together and read together—wonderful books a great many girls hadn't even heard of!—and had tramped together over the foothills. On a certain day in spring they always made a pilgrimage to the place where the manzanita bloomed with its waxy pink clusters of tiny globe-like flowers, and underneath

it the "Johnny-jump-ups" seemed always to spring out of the ground overnight with their perky blossoms and unforgettable peculiar fragrance. And the trip to Carmel! "Mr. Carroll and Miss Carroll" were greeted like old friends at the inn and by the jolly chef who cooked abalone to perfection in quaint old Monterey.

Lately Madge had been feeling nearly grown up and had been taking care of father almost more than he took care of her. But now she sat in a heap on the floor, looking like a spoiled child, with her hair rumpled and a scowl on her brow, all because she wanted a new dress.

The slam of the front door, which had an impudent habit of dragging itself shut with a terrific and unexpected bang, announced father's somewhat early return, and Madge, just stopping to run the brush vigorously over her short hair, leaped down the stairs two steps at a time into his arms.

He looked tired, she observed at once, but he smiled in the nice wrinkly way he had and shook her gently by her slim shoulders and tweaked the ear that he found somehow beneath the mop of dark and wayward hair.

"You're early, aren't you, father?" Madge said. "I'll tell Katie you're here."

"And then, Madge, pack me a bagful of socks and ties and things," father said, taking out his watch. "I have to go to Los Angeles on the Owl on some business tonight."

"To be gone how long, father?"

"About two weeks, impet."

Two weeks from now the party! Madge felt suddenly like a live exclamation point! She watched her father hang up his hat. "Well, I'll just ask him," she said to herself with a faint throb of remorse, conscious that

he was always eager to give her everything and that it hurt him to deny her.

"Father, may I have a new dress?"

Mr. Carroll hesitated. "Could you wait, dear,—for two weeks,—until this business in Los Angeles is settled?"

Madge caught the lapels of his coat in an appealing gesture. "Father, it's for the party at school—two weeks from tonight. You see—I've worn the old one—nearly two years."

"It's a very sweet and becoming dress, Madge—"

"But the girls will all be having new ones—"

"The girls—they're just afraid you'll cut them out, Madge! If they could get new faces too—and dispositions—and—"

Madge pressed a palm against his lips. "Father, I do want it!"

"And don't you see, dear,"—he lifted her firm little chin and looked seriously into her dark eyes,—"I do want you to have it!" There was a note of gravity in Mr. Carroll's voice now. "But—well, the truth is, dear, that things haven't been going very well at the office—and now I am worried by rumors of this failure of Biglow's in Los Angeles."

"And we shan't have our week at Carmel?" Madge caught her breath.

"Oh, surely, we'll stick to that," said Mr. Carroll.

Then Madge said an astonishing thing. "Father, I'd rather have the dress!"

Mr. Carroll looked at her, taking off his glasses and rubbing them and putting them on again as if to clarify his vision of this new and extraordinary Madge, who a few summers before was satisfied to "live" in "mid-dies" from one week's end to the next, had even quarreled with Katie about it!

With her alert face uplifted to his Madge was waiting for his answer. He couldn't help sighing. Well, this was youth with its impassioned desire for the immediate joy. But she must want the dress terribly, for some inexplicable reason not to be even guessed at by a mere parent, and a male parent at that! Mr. Carroll blew his nose for no reason whatever unless to conceal his dismay beneath much flapping of a voluminous white handkerchief.

"Well, if you feel like that, my dear, have the dress—" He reached into his waistcoat pocket, brought out the shabby old wallet that he carried there, and Madge found herself holding in a trembling little hand three twenty-dollar bills.

"That's enough, isn't it?" father inquired.

"Enough!" cried Madge, gasping. "That's wonderful, father! It won't cost that, I know; there'll be some change for you, you'll see."

She made as if to cast herself upon his neck; then a sobering thought came leaping from some recess of her mind. "It means—you can't have your holiday—"

"I probably shouldn't have time," mumbled Mr. Carroll, avoiding her eyes. He took out his watch. "I'll invade the kitchen and inform Katie I'm here while you scamper up and pack my toothbrush for me."

Madge paused a moment halfway up the stairs. Father was looking up at her in that funny way he sometimes looked at her of late, almost as if he didn't know her! She clasped her hands, dancing perilously on the step. "Pink chiffon, father, with little roses and things—"

He chuckled.

That was the comparatively harmless beginning of the new dress.

On Wednesday Miss Crisp, the dressmaker, arrived, brisk and neat, with a small black bag—she called it a "caba," whatever that might be!—containing her own special scissors, a tape measure, other tools of her trade and a neat white apron, which she unfolded and tied round her waist as she gazed over Madge's shoulder, following with her eyes a small pointing finger—

"Chic Frock for the Debutante—Dream Frills and the Dawning Rosebuds of a Woodland Morn."

Miss Crisp snorted a little—it was a way she had—and peered over her glasses at the picture in the magazine. "How many yards have you got?"

"Six," said Madge, indicating a filmy cloud of chiffon on the bed.

"You'll need three more," said Miss Crisp firmly.

Madge opened her mouth, and it remained open for several moments.

"With all those frills," explained Miss Crisp, suspending a pincushion on her breast by means of a large safety pin. She looked at the picture again, intently. "And silk for the slip. It'll have to be built on a foundation."

"Just like a house!" exclaimed Madge,



She swayed to her reflection and fell in love with it

indulging in a laugh that caused Miss Crisp, who had little nonsense in her make-up, to look up vaguely from threading her needle.

And then Madge sobered down and began to count. "Eighteen dollars for chiffon and three more yards needed—that's twenty-seven dollars. And silk at two dollars a yard,—even China silk costs that now,—it'll cost as much as a house presently!"

Father had given her sixty dollars; two twenty-dollar bills and two silver dollars—all that was left of the original sum—reposed at that moment under her best handkerchiefs in the left-hand corner of the top bureau drawer. Madge timidly put a question to Miss Crisp: "How many days will it take you, Miss Crisp, to make the dress?"

The dressmaker looked at the picture again, with her head cocked on one side sprawling-wise. Madge held her breath. "You'll buy those 'dawning rosebuds,' ready made, I suppose, at Swan's," Miss Crisp replied. "Well, it'll take me all of three days to make that dress, Miss Carroll."

Madge ran her hand through her hair while she made a rapid calculation. "Miss Crisp, three-fifty a day and car fare,—that's three dollars and sixty-two cents,—three times two is six,—three times six is eighteen and carry one,—three times three is nine and one is ten, and ten dollars and eighty-six cents from forty-two dollars is thirty-one dollars and fourteen cents."

The result made her scalp tingle, but Madge preserved her outward self-possession. She reached for her hat. "I'll get the silk now," she said.

"And the rosebuds," added Miss Crisp.

"Oh, yes."

"And about—let me see—four yards of narrow blue ribbon. And that reminds me"—Miss Crisp picked up the fateful magazine, and Madge stood watching with an inward tremor—"there's a sash, Miss Carroll—that'll be real pretty now!" Miss Crisp was beginning to be enthusiastic just as Madge's spirits were sinking to the region of her shoe tops. "About four inches wide so it'll crush nicely, dear, and—umm,—let me see, yes, three yards will do—you'll better make it three and a half, to be sure."

Madge felt her smile of acquiescence beginning to freeze. She jammed her hat on

and started out the front door. Katie called to her:

"You'd better get some chops, Miss Madge, dearie." In an ominous whisper she added, "Those thin women eat awful hearty, you mark my words!"

Madge began with the silk for the "foundation." It came to fifteen dollars, which would leave her with exactly twenty-seven dollars in her purse.

"I must save enough cash for Miss Crisp," thought Madge rather desperately as she waited for her package. She took ten dollars and eighty-six cents and put it carefully into the middle pocket of her purse and then, having received parcel and change, with a mere sixteen dollars and fourteen cents to spend strayed hesitatingly along Swan's alluring aisles.

"How much is this?" she found herself presently asking the elegant little person who stood behind the ribbon counter.

"That is three dollars a yard. How many yards do you need? This is a remnant—"

"I want three and a half yards," Madge said mechanically.

"That is exactly what is left on this piece," said the artful lady. "Aren't you fortunate?"

"Yes," said Madge, smiling stiffly and wondering why.

"You see, you are saving fifty cents; I am letting you have the whole piece for only ten dollars," said the saleswoman brightly.

Madge looked over her change. She had saved fifty cents! But there were only six dollars and fourteen cents left, and she had to purchase chiffon and rosebuds! As in a dream—or was it a nightmare?—Madge strolled toward the fatal spot where, feeling magnificently wealthy with fathers' three bills in her purse, she had made her first purchase of chiffon at three dollars a yard.

"How do you do, Miss Carroll," said the affable old gentleman with side-whiskers who sold the silk goods.

Madge acknowledged his greeting, finding the tiniest bit of pride that he had remembered her name—as he meant her to do!

"And what can I do for you?" he inquired.

"I'd like three more yards of chiffon," she said, giving him the sample that she had clutched and crushed in her

moist hand. "It's three dollars a yard, isn't it?"

"Three dollars and a quarter a yard now, Miss Carroll. Chiffons have gone up."

Madge's spirits promptly went down.

"Three yards, you said?" he inquired blandly, sweeping it over the counter in splendid billows.

"Yes, three yards."

The old gentleman stroked his whiskers and shook his head reflectively.

"What is it?" inquired Madge, her heart sinking.

"I don't like to make a remnant of this beautiful material. There are four and seven-eighths yards left in the piece—"

"Then what is to be done?" Madge inquired in her innocence.

"I will give it to you for thirteen dollars, just as if you were buying only four yards. Isn't it exquisite?" He held it up to the light.

"But I don't want four yards," replied Madge falteringly.

"I am not permitted to cut the piece, Miss Carroll," said the clerk politely. "I have made you a bargain price, and I advise you to take advantage of it." He smiled affably.

Madge hesitated a moment. "Well, I will take it," she said finally. Her heart gave a thump.

He bent a respectful gray head.

"Charge it, please," said Madge dizzily. "I have an account."

She stood as in a dream while the package was being wrapped. Suddenly she remembered the narrow blue ribbon; she must retrace her steps.

Very narrow the ribbon was indeed; it almost seemed flimsy, and yet it cost her three dollars and twenty cents, and that left her only two dollars and ninety-four cents in her purse.

And now for the rosebuds! They were "imported" and "French" and cost Madge—at least they would cost her eventually—four dollars and ninety-five cents. She had charged seventeen dollars and ninety-five cents worth of goods to herself—well, she wouldn't think about it. The new dress had been started; she couldn't abandon it now, and after all how simple it was to say "charge it!"—and it made you feel extremely grown up!

As the dress grew and the shock of its cost became less Madge's enthusiasm revived. She gazed at her reflection in the mirror.

"Why, you don't look like yourself at all!" exclaimed Miss Crisp.

Madge understood that it was meant to be a compliment. And, contemplating her reflection, the girl realized that it was indeed true; a floating fairy, a sumptuous lithe creature of frills and flounces, greeted her, amazingly fashionable, sophisticated and entirely pert! Like a feminine Narcissus she swayed to her reflection and fell in love with it!

The third day the dress was done. Madge presented the ten dollars and eighty-six cents that she had saved for this moment of triumph, and Miss Crisp dropped the money into the black "caba" along with the pincushion, the scissors, the tape measure and the neatly folded apron.

Miss Crisp was enamored of her success; accidentally perhaps, she had achieved a "creation." As she put on her stiff black hat and drew on the funereal cotton gloves she surveyed the swaying figure. "You'll be the belle of the ball, Miss Madge!"

"Do you think so?" Madge pirouetted before the long mirror. "It is beautiful!" Suddenly she kissed Miss Crisp. "I'm so grateful to you!" she exclaimed.

"Well, you do look lovely, though I believe as a rule," said Miss Crisp firmly, "that girls should not be told they look pretty. My mother never told me so." Somehow that didn't seem so extraordinary as poor Miss Crisp, black bag in hand, gazing over her glasses, seemed to think.

"I really do look nice?" Madge asked.

"With silver slippers and just the faintest pink hoseery you'll be perfect!" Miss Crisp cried recklessly with a warmth—perhaps the kiss had done it—of which she hardly seemed capable.

Madge looked into the glass again. "Yes, these slippers are wrong!" she observed. "They looked all right with the old dress, but—well, I've just got to have new ones, haven't I?"

"Yes, you've just got to," Miss Crisp agreed.

Therefore the next day Madge was treading again the magic aisles at Swan's. She paid cash for the pink silk stockings in the hosiery department. Was there



ever such a convenient place as Swan's! They had everything; if Madge had needed a pipe organ or a striped zebra to complete her costume, it would instantly have been hers for the mere repetition of those magic words!

Next she went to the shoe department, where she was waved by a princely gesture to a seat. A young man with such smooth shining hair that he would have made a good advertisement for Swan's Superfine Shoe Polish bent over her foot.

"You have a very expensive foot, Miss Carroll," he said, looking up at her engagingly after removing her shoe.

"Why, I don't know what you mean," Madge said in some confusion.

"A slim, narrow foot like yours—triple A—can never be properly fitted except in a high-priced slipper," the elegant youth explained.

Madge wiggled her toes and gazed down at the foot. She had never noticed that her feet were anything but—just feet.

The princeling climbed the ladder with monkey-like dexterity.

"Oh, what darlings!" Madge couldn't help exclaiming as he presently held a slipper daintily between thumb and finger; it was cloth of silver with the tiniest buckle in brilliants.

"How much are they?" Madge asked in a timid voice.

"Fifteen dollars," said the elegant youth smoothly without the flicker of an eyelash.

"Why, I didn't know—" Madge began falteringly.

"Oh, but your foot—triple A—"

The toes went in.

"Now stand up, please."

He arranged the foot mirror. What elegance, a glass specially for mere feet!

"Can this be my foot?" Madge thought, feeling just as Cinderella must have felt—and as ready as she to go to balls three nights running! Feet could be pretty; hers were pretty! She sat down with a little sigh—

"Charge them," she said.

The shiny brown head bent over the sales book—"Name—address—self?"

A moment later Madge left the department with the precious glistening slippers in a parcel tucked under her arm. Suddenly she bumped into some one who was hurrying along. It was Vivienne Barker—Vivienne, the fashion plate of the school!

"Oh, Madge! Shopping too?"

"I've just bought some slippers," Madge replied, assuming an air of nonchalance. "It's just awful what you have to pay for slippers—when you've got an expensive foot."

Vivienne's blue eyes opened a little wider than usual, but she was the sort of girl who is always determined to show herself unimpressed. She ignored feet and slippers both. "I've just bought a fan," she remarked. "You know fans are being used this year a lot. Ostrich—"

Madge was impressed and was the sort that showed it. "Oh, but don't they cost a lot?" she asked.

"Only thirty dollars," Vivienne replied carelessly and rattled on: "Miss Crisp told mother your dress is sweet. I'm just dying to see it, dear. I bought mine here at Swan's ready made of course; it saves such a lot of fuss. It's jade green with lots and lots of tiny crystal beads. Green's worn so much this year." She clutched a bunch of orchids on her little summer fur. "Paul sent me these," she whispered. "Have you got your card filled? I've not even extras left. There's mother—" With a final clutch at Madge's arm she was gone.

Madge with her parcel emerged from the emporium of delights. She was bound for the street car and home. Swan's takes up an entire block, and as she turned the corner, glancing at the windows, she suddenly stopped. Before her enraptured gaze was a window full of fans. She stood transfixed. In the centre of the display, queen of them all, was a fan of soft uncurled plumes, silver tipped, with rosebuds nestled here and there! It was so tiny—a very doll's fan—surely it wouldn't cost thirty dollars! No harm just to go in and ask the price, thought Madge. She returned through a plate glass door obligingly swung open for her by a lordly commissionaire.

"It's the one in the very middle of the window," she explained to the saleswoman and stood, waiting. "Yes, that one."

"It's fair and away the prettiest fan we have! You certainly have very good

taste for a little girl," said another well-trained flatterer.

"I have a dress—pink chiffon—with silver—and rosebuds," said Madge, hesitating but lost.

"Perfect! Just as if it were made for your gown, dear!" exclaimed the clever woman.

"Yes, it does seem that way," said poor little Madge, fondling the tiny fan. "How much is it?"

The woman examined the price tag minutely.

"Why, it's been marked down!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "Only twenty-

nine, ninety-five! It was thirty-nine, ninety-five. Why, that's a real bargain!" She leaned forward and almost whispered in Madge's ear. "Take it!"

"I think I will," Madge said with the manner of one whose bank account is inexhaustible. "Yes, I have an account. Charge it."

Half an hour later when she entered the hall at home with her parcels she saw an envelope lying on the table. "From father!" she exclaimed, pouncing upon it and tearing it open with eager fingers. But as she looked at the familiar handwriting a little pang seized her, faint stirrings of that conscience

which she had shut up so tight, crying to be let out!

"Dearest Madge," she read, "Things aren't going awfully well down here, so see how you can economize at home, putting your cooking-class floundumfum into practice, and so on. It will be all right in the end, only we must pay as we go and not get into any deep holes we can't crawl out of. So glad you're having a new dress. It'll last two summers (like the old one I'm so foolishly fond of), and by then perhaps I can buy you a diamond tirara! Home on Saturday. Father."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

WASHINGTON THE COURTEOUS By Samuel S. Drury

TO understand life we must study history, and to understand history we must scan the character of its leaders. Men mould events, and the quality of the leader often conditions the nobility or ignominy of the event. Well may we Americans study the character of Washington, the father of his country and ours. For his nature and training stamped the quality of chivalry upon his own time, which in our time we may well revive. The courtesy of George Washington was a mighty influence in the formative days of our Republic.

Let no one think that we are running down a side alley thus to describe and exalt the manners of a man. Not so! "Manners maketh man," and man moulds the events of his day. Manners therefore count as facts in history. Indeed we must abandon the brazen view that battles are the sole stuff of history. The student had better far know the customs of a people than the feuds or triumphs of its kings. "The man who will tell the story of a race, a nation or a period according to the clothing, dwellings, utensils and every day art of it will be, I vow, the only true historian of them all, and vividly in his pages the age and people shall live again, though wars and dynasties and that elaborate comedy called politics be but the edge and binding of the book." It is not trivial, then, to dwell upon the manners of Washington, for in them the young American today will not only find a vivid example to copy, but as he studies history he can trace the effect of Washington's sympathy and courtesy on the destinies of a once struggling little state.

As an aid to understanding the past I delight to wander round historical museums, finding there in objects or in books fresh sidelights on the lives and upbringing of our leaders. In history the main events are domestic things like family ideals, natural forces like climate, and the economic pressures of industry and trade. Let me introduce you to three examples that we find in the museum, one on a bookshelf, one on the wall and one in a glass case, all of which bear on the character of Washington the Courteous. If we study Washington the polite boy, Washington the courteous general, and Washington the gracious gentleman at Mount Vernon, who knows but we may resolve at the end to be better companions one with another and better citizens in the state?

The story of Washington the Truthful in his father's orchard is not our theme today! Rather for a boyish picture should we choose young George mastering a spirited colt in his father's paddock while the fences are lined with breathless boys and their admiring sisters. But even that incident is not so illustrative of courtesy as the picture of Washington a year later when we find him in Westmoreland County, away from home, living with relatives in a simple one-story hip-roofed house. Let no one's notion of our hero be Washington standing by a noble charger as painted by Peale, or Washington looking austere forth from a porthole portrait, or yet of a Washington benignly gracious as Stuart paints him.

We must unfreeze him, allowing him to unbend and be the natural man; or, first of all, the care-free boy.

The book that the museum shelf affords shows him either composing or copying certain rules of conduct. These fifty or more maxims some think were written by a certain Sir Matthew Hale; others have declared they were framed by the boy himself. In either case the lad of thirteen years who is copying those maxims in 1745 made them his own by a lifetime of practice. Let us draw near to look over his shoulder—though,

the while on his brain. His training in formative years, the absorbing sensitive years of the second decade of life, rose up and blessed him later on in many a perplexing emergency. His mother, poor though she was, had daily respect for the great stabilizers and refinements of her children's lives; and we should never forget that at home the boy Washington read the Bible and commentaries upon it aloud in the family circle. He knew the permanent effect of these serious domestic evenings, and as a mature man wrote to his young nephew, who was the age of my readers: "Your future character and reputation will depend very much, if not entirely, upon the habits and manners which you contract in the present period of your life."

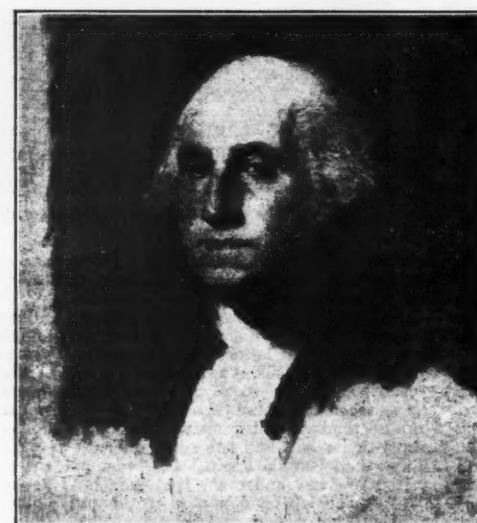
It is not a matter of conjecture or uncertainty, but is sad and certain, that the boy who has no home training and the girl who like Topsy just grows up will not become broad-gauged, dependable, serviceable people. To hang about street corners, to go to vulgar or exciting shows, to read only the "funny page" of a yellow journal, to be impatient of the great refinements of life will mean that the young American can't resemble Washington. And the country needs today young men of courage, unselfishness, convictions—oh, yes, convictions about something other than self, most of all!—as sorely as when Washington the youth led forth his raw recruits, or Washington the public builder spent his strength in the arduous and thankless tasks of public service.

Our next picture shows Washington as President. It was in those stormy years when the French Republic sought recognition that Citizen Genêt hastened to America to win support from our country. Howard Pyle, perhaps the greatest of American illustrators, has depicted the scene that occurred in the President's parlor at Philadelphia. Washington was in a quandary. He did not trust Genêt, nor did he wish either to alienate or to recognise the politics that his importunate visitor represented. "There was about the man," says Mr. Lodge, "and his performance everything most calculated to bring one of those outbursts of passionate contempt which now and again had made things unpleasant for some one who had failed in sense, decency and duty."

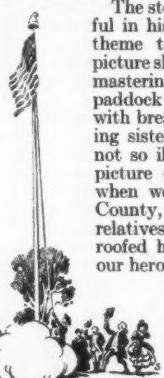
THE LESSON OF SELF-CONTROL



In our picture the President stands austere courteously, though, as Mr. Lodge continues, "his manner chilled Genêt and came upon him like a cold bath after the warm atmosphere of popular plaudits and and turgid addresses" that the Frenchman revelled in on his arrival on our shores. This was self-mastery. For Washington was not naturally of cool or calm disposition. A man so indomitable, so physically brave, so surging with unselfish convictions, could hardly be expected to come naturally by the grace of equanimity. He was a passionate man who might have been the sport of uncontrolled emotions. In fact we are told that on one occasion a joke so overcame him that he well-nigh fell from his horse from sheer excess of merriment. This picture on the



George Washington
After the remarkable unfinished portrait
by Gilbert Stuart



library wall, however, enforces in all Americans the needful lesson of self-control, which issues in a courteous reception of people and opinions quite divergent from our own. Washington had learned that we must be tolerant toward men who would destroy our dearest dreams. In preserving his courtesy with Genêt he teaches all of us the propriety of never allowing an abstract question to degenerate into personalities.

It is not easy to be polite to Genêt! And that every one of my readers will have the trial of heady and heedless interruptions is certain. We all must learn to "suffer fools gladly" and to let well-intentioned interlocutors or less guileless objectors say their say. A certain sympathy that will encourage the belief that the person whom we do not like or cannot wholly trust is after all a stumbling mortal like our almost—wholly!—perfect selves will breed the detachment that wins the day. Courtesy is the habit of dealing with people as people. It is the courteous materialist that treats people as things, and things as if they had the value of

people. If we always treat the person whom we do not like as a pilgrim soul who perhaps has a hidden sorrow that he is bearing bravely, or a cramping trouble at home that he is helping to carry, we shall generate the courtesy that every gentleman or gentlewoman must surely show.



THE LETTER WITH TWO SIGNATURES

Years passed between the Genêt episode and the museum's third example of Washington the Courteous. We find ourselves peering through the glass of an exhibition case wherein are displayed presentation swords, trinkets and autographs. Here is a rare letter in Washington's own hand. At the bottom we discover two signatures, that of the President now retired to his estate at Mount Vernon and that of his wife. The date of the letter is 1799, and it is addressed to Mrs. Robert Morris. In it Washington with his own hand writes a cordial invitation to

that lady to visit the family at Mount Vernon. He begins "Our dear Madam," and uses an inclusive we. To insure the cordiality he takes the page to his wife. We can almost hear him say, "My dear, if you sign this too, Mrs. Morris will be sure to come." What a touch of gracious self-forgetfulness! The President seeks his wife's signature to insure a visit from a friend.

Yes, it is worth while wandering about the museum, for we have made friends with a new Washington—not the bronze general astride a horse in the public park, not the marble bust looking over our heads with sightless stony eyes; but a warm-hearted, domestic, hospitable man who loves his garden and the warmth of the family hearth. In our day we are wont to undervalue courtesy. We roughly assert that, if the heart is all right, the tongue and the hand will take care of themselves. It is not so. "Manners maketh man." The manners of Washington helped to mould the Republic. Let the courtesy of the first President be a living force in the hearts of his countrymen today!

climbed one that had low branches. Soon finding himself in an uncomfortable position, he shouted for help. There was a house not far away, and he hoped to make the people hear. The old squire, driving homeward, heard the distressed outcries, recognized Rufus's voice and, on sighting Little Dagon, guessed at once what had happened. He hitched his horse and taking his horse-whip drove the bull away and then went in among the pines to help Rufus down.

"Rufus was up about ten feet from the ground" was the way the old squire used to tell the story; "he was holding on for dear life and looked as wild as a hawk, but he had his umbrella and rubbers up there with him!"

Like most bulls Little Dagon had a deep, latent animosity toward the human race, but he was a poltroon and a braggart. Nothing suited him so well as to break out of his pasture, prowl in the highway and perchance meet some timorous old housewife going to call on a neighbor. Here was fun of the best—to see her climb the fence and run off across the lots. If in her sudden terror she chance to drop her shawl or her cloak, he would pounce on the luckless garment, kneel on it and trample it in the dirt to show what he would do to the wearer if only he could get to her.

But the schoolhouse offered the best sport. The terrified outcries of the children when they saw him coming, their wild flight indoors and the blanched faces at the windows were flattery that his sham courage fed on. He would parade up and down in front of that small shrine of rural education, boozing and pawing up dust, well aware that neither the teacher nor the pupils would dare venture forth; and by way of adding to the terror within he would at times put his nose up at the front window with a sounding *whoosh* of his breath. On several occasions he had lain down near the door and leisurely chewed his cud. More than once the children had not come home from school till late in the afternoon and when asked the reason replied that Little Dagon had come to school and wouldn't go away. One day he kept them in so late that the teacher put the youngsters out quietly at a rear window and then managed to follow them herself.

By climbing a wall behind the schoolhouse, they had then escaped and come home.

When appealed to and besought by neighbors to keep Little Dagon at home, "Uncle Billy" Murch would sally forth with his axe and repair his pasture fence after a



DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SIEBEL

THE DOWNFALL OF LITTLE DAGON

By C.A. Stephens



mistress told me to run and get somebody to come and drive Little Dagon away!"

"Ah, well, I suppose some of us will have to quit work and go," the old squire said. "I do wish Murch's folks would look to their fences better and keep that little torment of a bull at home," he added impatiently; for the call of distress from the schoolhouse was no new thing with us.

For two years or more Little Dagon had been a troublesome creature in the neighborhood. It must be admitted that the Murches, good neighbors though they were in many respects, were unfortunate, not to say remiss, in properly looking after their domestic animals, which were habitually out of bounds, strolling along the highway or breaking into their neighbor's fields. "Poor fences make bad neighbors" is a farm proverb. Poor fences also make brazen cattle.

Little Dagon was what stockmen term a scrub, a small bull of a native breed that has run out. When four or five years old he was no larger than a two-year-old of the better breeds of Durham, Hereford or Holstein cattle. The Murches never improved their stock. Their herd was all of the old-time native cattle such as the early settlers drove to Maine from Massachusetts. "Uncle Billy" Murch declared that the old breed was much cheaper to keep and required no expenditure for Western corn, that it could winter wholly on hay, even meadow hay, and get its own living out in the pasture from May to November. But the beef was light, tough and stringy, and the milk scanty, blue and lacking in butter fat. Little Dagon was light red, long-haired about the shoulders and brisket and had a very broad head with a curiously large whorl of hair in the middle of his forehead; his horns were stubbed and bulbous and projected almost horizontally. He was not a good type of animal for a farmer to keep.

I don't know why he was called Little Dagon unless it was that in the old book of Biblical catechism Dagon, the great god of the pagan Philistines, was pictured as a brazen-faced image. Little Dagon certainly had a very brazen look. From roaming abroad along the highway so much he had acquired a kind of street education and had come to be a bovine gamin, tough, bumptious, saucy and aggressive. In reality he was an arrant coward, but he had an uncanny faculty for divining when human beings, particularly strangers, were afraid of him, and he practiced on their fears. Stationing himself in the middle of the road at some sandy place, he would begin pawing, lashing his sides with his tail and throwing up dust. In fact anyone coming along the road would see little except a cloud of dust out of which issued deep, boozing sounds as if fifty bass violins were concentrated in that one spot. Then the sounds would suddenly change to a grand challenge in lofty tenor that made the whole countryside reecho. People out driving generally turned back in haste, fearing to be gored, and pedestrians climbed the roadside fence and went cautiously round. There is no doubt that Little

was almost as enduring as a rock and even harder to pull from its bed, particularly when the red, resinous pitch has descended to the roots. There are pine stumps on the old farm today that have stood there, gray and weathered, ever since great-grandfather cut the pines for ship masts in 1792—cut, hewed off the bark and sap-wood and then drew them to Portland with oxen. Beech, maple, ash and even oak stumps will rot out in fifteen years and often sooner, but a pine tree loves to leave its monument behind it.

Strong chains, long levers and well-plantied tripod posts were required to lift out those stumps with their many-pronged roots. We broke three chains that afternoon and had much hard digging to pass the chains under the stumps. Great, unsightly, sprawling objects they were when we finally wrenched them from the earth and lifted them clear of it.

There is one useful purpose that such stumps serve. When torn out they can be turned up sidewise and made into stump fences to inclose the land they recently encumbered. A stump fence is far from beautiful; it is so ugly indeed that it should be allowed only on the back lots of a farm. But like certain other homely things it is efficient and durable. A well-constructed fence of old pine stumps will last a life-time and admirably supplies the great requisites of a farm fence; namely, that it be "sheep high, hog tight and bull strong"—which brings me to the subject of my present story.

As I remember, we were working away at the levers that afternoon—the old squire, Addison, two hired men and I—when a bare-headed boy appeared, running hard across the field and reached us so breathless that for the moment he was unable to utter a word.

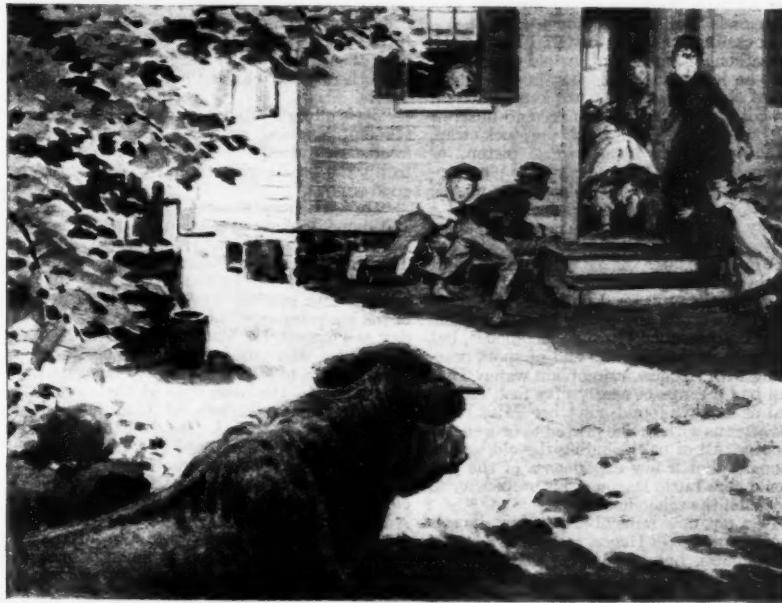
"Well, my son, what is it?" the old squire said, turning from our task. "What's sent you here in such a hurry?"

"Oh,—oh,—oh,—it's Little Dagon!" panted the lad. "He's come to the schoolhouse again! He's right in front of the door, a-pawin' and a-booin'. The scholars can't get out at recess, and the mistress is scared of him."

"Then how did you get out?" Addison asked him, laughing.

"The schoolmistress put me out the back window, and I got over the stone wall and ran round through the pasture. The

The schoolhouse offered the best sport



manner. Then for a week perhaps nothing would be seen or heard of his bull; but ere long the brute was pretty certain to be at large again, triumphantly trumpeting along the highway.

"Uncle Billy" always pretended to lament over it. "The breachy little 'tike! I can't keep him nowhere!" the old man would whine. "No use to fence agin him. I've got to knock him on the head. But thar, his beef ain't good for nothin', and I don't know what to do!"

At the time of the alarm from the schoolhouse when we were lifting stumps Addison hastened thither with a big stick and drove Little Dagon home. The teacher that summer was Miss Wilma Sawtelle, whom we young folks knew familiarly as "Miss Willy." As was usual, she boarded at the old squire's, and at the supper table that night she thanked Addison for coming to the rescue.

"If it hadn't been for you, I guess I should be at the schoolhouse still," she said, laughing. "I was raised on a farm, and perhaps I ought to be more courageous, but that creature roars so terribly and seems so savage that I confess I am afraid of him! When I meet him in the road I go back or climb the fence."

"Well, that's your safest way, Willy," said Grandmother Ruth. "And I do think it is a shame that the men folks of this place don't do something to keep that wretched little brute out of the highway!"

"Ruth, you must go and talk to Uncle Billy Murch again," the old squire said, smiling.

"Talk to Uncle Billy!" Grandmother Ruth exclaimed with scorn. "As well talk to an old settin' hen! But something ought really to be done about that horned creature of his!"

"I read an advertisement the other day of a protector you ought to have, Willy," Cousin Theodora remarked. "It was called the Ladies' Protector when Out Walking in the Country."

"But what was it?" Miss Sawtelle asked. "Why, something you can carry in your pocket or in your handbag, something like a pistol, only instead of powder and ball you can discharge a jet of strong ammonia water from it. The advertisement said that a cross dog or any other dangerous animal will run from it and that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sanctions its use."

"Oh, that is just a little squirt gun," said Addison. "I could make you one that would do quite as well."

"I wish you would then!" Miss Willy cried. "I should like to use it on that creature, if you think it would really stop him and drive him away," she added doubtfully.

"Oh, I rather think it would if you splashed him in the face with it," Addison said, laughing. "Ammonia will make most anybody stop and catch his breath!"

"Then make me a protector!" Miss Willy exclaimed. "Make a good big one! I shouldn't like to have it fail—after I had ventured forth from the schoolhouse door!"

There was much hilarity over the idea, and Addison promised to try his hand at a homemade "ladies' protector"—a big one!

In casting about for material for the job he bethought himself of an old gun barrel that he had seen in the box in the wagon house chamber in which we kept old iron. He got it and, having managed to unscrew the breech pin and break off the stock strap, fitted it with a long-handled piston, or plunger. Then he firmly inserted a plug provided with a goose quill orifice in the muzzle end of the barrel. In short he contrived a pretty formidable gun with a capacity for a heavy charge.

A few days later the old squire got a quart bottle of ammonia water from the drug store at the village. Equipped with that doughty weapon and plenty of ammunition, Miss Willy marched to the schoolhouse, but not until we had had no end of sport practising with the gun, using plain water. That gun had a range of nearly fifty feet, as several of us boys found out when Miss Willy got after us with it. She proved to be a sharpshooter. All of us, including the old squire, thought that a few experiences of the gun would cure Little Dagon of his propensity to blockade the schoolhouse.

I do not now remember just how long it was before Little Dagon reappeared at the schoolhouse, but it was less than a week. They heard him boozing outside, and immediately Miss Willy laid aside books and



prepared for action—to the vast delight and excitement of her pupils. She raised the front window and, uncorking the ammonia bottle, drew forth the protector from beneath her desk and proceeded to charge it. Certain of the children said afterwards that she even mimicked Little Dagon's boosings and made provocative gestures at him. At any rate he came to the window and put up his nose for a threatening whoosh.

Then Miss Willy fired full in his face. She expected to see him turn and run, vastly astonished, but instead he staggered backwards, reeled and came down on his side in the road. He kicked spasmodically a few times, but never stirred afterwards!

Alarmed and shocked at the result of her shot, Miss Willy sent a boy in haste to our house for help in resuscitating the animal. We were harvesting beans that forenoon, but we hurried to the schoolhouse. When we reached it, however, Little Dagon was as

dead as a doornail! He appeared never to have breathed after that bath of ammonia struck him. Some of it of course may have entered his up-turned nostrils; but every one deemed it incredible that it could have killed him, and there were those who even hinted that Miss Willy had used something else, something poisonous, in that improvised squirt gun. But it was merely ammonia water, about a pint of it.

There was no end of trouble with "Uncle Billy" over the affair. He whined, threatened and demanded damages, first from Miss Willy, then from Addison, and afterwards began suit against the school authorities of the town, but he was never able to collect anything. No one felt much sympathy for him. But some years later I believe Addison made the old man a present of an overcoat.

An accident that occurred afterwards at our old place may bear on the subject of Little Dagon's mysterious death. We had a valuable young horse that on account of a bunch that had come on his neck and that was growing larger every month bade fair to

be lost. We thought best to remove it, and, as he was a spirited, strong animal, the inexperienced young veterinary whom we called in to help us advised us to give the animal ether.

We procured a generous quantity—for we thought then that a great deal would be required for a horse—and after some difficulty administered it. To our astonishment the horse fell over and lost consciousness at once. The veterinary then cut out the bunch and treated the wound. Considered as an operation, the effort was entirely successful. There was but one drawback about it: the horse never woke up!

I learned that much less anaesthetic is required for a horse than anyone would suppose, and also that chloroform and sulphuric ether are dangerous things to employ on domestic animals. It is not impossible, I think, that a pint of ammonia water squirted into the face of a horse, a bull or even an elephant might make it lose its breath and never recover it. But the old squire thought that Little Dagon, like neighbor Rufus, had a weak heart.

THE WATER TENDER'S FIRST WATCH

By Thomas D. Parker



JOE HADLEY, fireman first class, United States Navy, was proud of his cruise. Some of the fellows who had started with him from the training station had served on slow little cruisers or had never left home waters, whereas he had spent two years on a destroyer, nine months on a submarine and a year on the finest dreadnaught in the navy. His four years were almost up, and he was making plans to get a "big discharge," spend the summer at home and re-enlist with four months' pay to his credit—Uncle Sam's present to a man re-enlisting with an honorable discharge.

"Oh, you'll get a big discharge all right," said Rathbone enviously. "You fellows who are not human can always do that."

Rathbone had temperament. When the machinist's mate told him to shine bright work he objected; when he went on liberty he could never get back on time. Two deck courts and a summary court-martial showed in red ink on his record. He was the only man aboard who really disliked Joe, though the others often chaffed him for his quiet habits.

"Joe's all right, Red," remarked Jansen, a seaman, laughing and picking up a deck swab. "He's always on the job. But he ought to hit the beach with us and learn what a good time is."

"He's too busy writing to his ma!" said Rathbone, looking disgusted.

Joe had plenty to write about those days. The ship was at Naples, and Joe had been up Vesuvius, where he had been almost suffocated with sulphur fumes from the crater of the big volcano, and he had spent a whole day at Pompeii. He was fascinated with the old houses dug out from the cinders, the temples with hidden holes for the oracles to talk through, the plain ruts in the streets made by Roman chariots. At home Joe had often looked at an oak tree thought to be two hundred years old and dreamed about the Indians who had once shot arrows under it, but here was a city two thousand years old! And there were queer things about Naples, with its museums and palaces and girls singing opera under the bows of the ship—plenty out of which to make letters, and Joe knew his mother would be excited when those letters came and would tell the

neighbors about her boy and the wonderful things he was seeing.

He walked forward to the engineer's log room to look at the watch list that was posted there.

"Wonder whom they'll put in Gordon's place?" he said to himself. "Guess he won't tend water for a while!" Gordon, the water tender in charge of the third section, had fallen from a platform the day before and broken his leg.

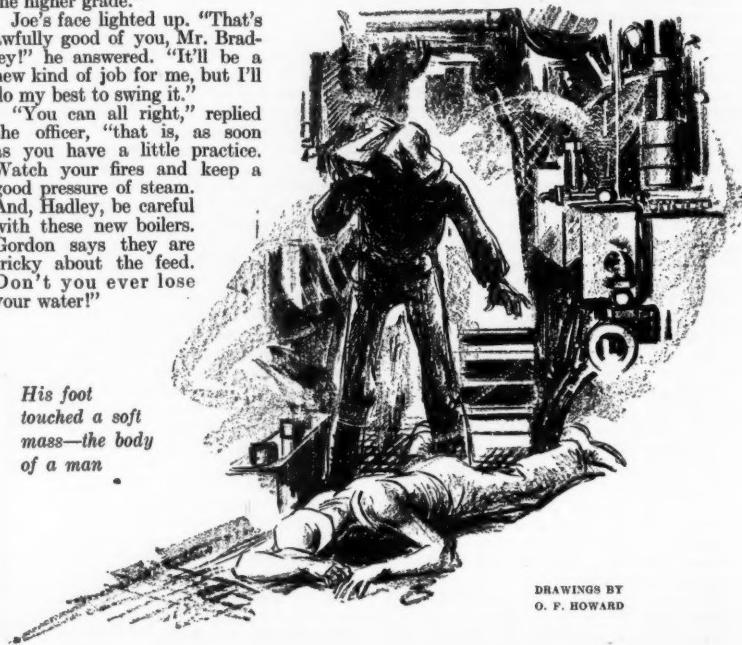
Joe took a book on boilers out of his pocket and seized the chance to sit in a real chair while the log writer was out. But he did not start studying right away; he was day dreaming, seeing himself in civilian clothes walking suddenly in on his mother with a "big discharge" and two hundred dollars in his pocket. A smile was playing round his lips. If nothing went wrong, in two months—

Suddenly he looked up. A tall man was standing in the doorway. Joe jumped to his feet, for it was the chief engineer, a raw-boned Nevadan, too big to squeeze into a boiler, but a good officer. "That you, Hadley?" he said, looking pleasant in spite of his rough-lined face. "I was going to send for you. You've been doing so well lately I'm going to try you out for water tender in Gordon's place. If you make good, I'll rate you up, and you can re-enlist in the higher grade."

Joe's face lighted up. "That's awfully good of you, Mr. Bradley!" he answered. "It'll be a new kind of job for me, but I'll do my best to swing it."

"You can all right," replied the officer, "that is, as soon as you have a little practice. Watch your fires and keep a good pressure of steam. And, Hadley, be careful with these new boilers. Gordon says they are tricky about the feed. Don't you ever lose your water!"

*His foot
touched a soft
mass—the body
of a man*



DRAWINGS BY
O. F. HOWARD

water from a leaky joint fell on his neck and made him jump.

"Everything's all right," said Watson. "We've cleaned a couple of fires, and steam's holding well. I don't just like the way the port feed pump's acting though."

"What's the matter?"

"Search me," growled Watson. "Don't know why they put those crazy pumps aboard."

"Not much showing in the glass of C boiler," remarked Joe.

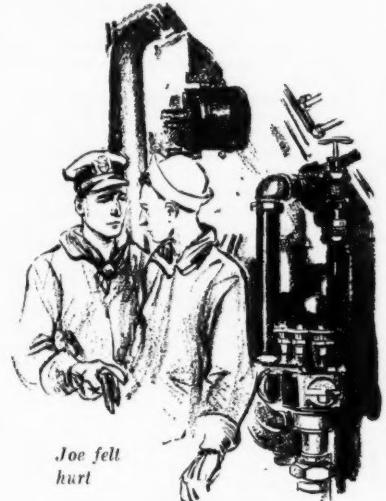
"No, you'd better put the pump on that."

Joe started the pump and then looked at his fires. All were strong and clear, not too heavy and without holes. Watson knew his job.

Just then Lieutenant Gorstman, the officer of the watch, wearing overalls and distinguishable from the others only by his gold-corded cap, passed through on his first inspection. He opened one of the furnace doors, looked in and grunted. The red glare made his florid face look more florid than ever, and he quickly backed away from the fierce heat. He noted the steam pressure and glanced at the gauge glass overhead. "Your water's low in C boiler, Hadley. Don't forget what you're here for!"

Joe felt hurt; it wasn't his fault that only half an inch of water was showing, but he merely explained: "I've started the feed pump, sir."

The slamming of a furnace door drowned his words, and the officer did not seem to



Joe felt hurt

hear. "By the way, Hadley," he added curtly, "here's something for you the messenger brought down."

Joe took the brown envelope, looked at it curiously and tore it open. It was a cable message. He read it quickly: "Ill with gripe. Allotment hasn't come. Mother."

Joe felt sick at heart. The ship was just steaming out for a long run; it would be a week, perhaps ten days, before he could write or send a cable. He knew his mother had no one to help her, and, if the allotment, or money payment that he had arranged for, had miscarried, she must be destitute as well as sick. If only the message had come a day sooner!

But he had pressing duties and no time to brood over bad news. He took a quick look at his five other boilers and then glanced again at the glass of boiler C. Though the pump had been running for the past five minutes, the water was now out of sight in the glass!

Joe hurried over to the feed pump. It was hammering and running fast, but he soon found that it was getting no suction.

There came a shout from the other side of the fire room: "No water in sight, A boiler!"

With his eyes beginning to pop a little Joe started over to A boiler and the other main feed pump. "Say, Red!" he shouted to the nearest fireman, Rathbone, who had just finished working his fires. "Start the auxiliary feed quick!"

"Oh, keep your shirt on!" answered Rathbone with a sullen look on his grimy face. "You start it! I've got my fires to look after."

Joe had no time for discussion, but rushed over and hurriedly started the starboard pump. At that moment there was a deafening explosion, a terrific rush of fire and hot ashes from boiler C and the screaming roar of escaping steam. A tube in C boiler had blown, and the fire room was filled instantly with the live, scalding vapor.

There was a frantic rush for the doors to the engine room and to the other fire room. Joe, who was near the engine room, was pushed into it as if by a torrent of water. He could feel the hot wave of steam behind him. As he reached the gratings he stumbled and fell and for a moment lay half stunned. Then he realized what had happened. A tube had blown; the ship was disabled; men had been scalded, perhaps killed—and he was responsible!

But it was time, not for mere thinking, but for acting. Almost unconsciously Joe seized a gunny sack that had been filled with waste and threw it about his face and head. Without hesitating he rushed back into the fire room, which was now like a fiery furnace. He found his way as if by instinct. He knew there were two things to do—close the stop valve of C boiler that connected it with the others, so that all their steam would not pour out through the rent tube, and haul the fires, at least in A boiler, so that tubes would not blow there too. If a tube blew while he was hauling them he would probably be killed.

He did not think of the danger or feel the terrible heat that was burning his head, arms and neck. His mind was fixed on doing those two things. It was impossible to see his way, but instinct guided him, and he did not stumble. Somehow he managed to find the handwheel and close the valve; somehow he managed to haul the fire. As he rushed out again his foot touched a soft mass—the body of a man. Joe picked him up and ran into the engine room. The fellow was still breathing.

Joe had read in a handbook that oil is the best quick remedy for burns. He could see that the man had been badly burned, for his arms, neck and chest were parboiled and red. His face was smeared with coal dust and ashes. Snatching a can from an oiler, Joe poured the soothing oil over the exposed parts of the man's body and over his own chest and arms, which were stinging fiercely. Then the excited hum of voices died away in his ears; his knees gave way, and he sank unconscious.

"Hello, Hadley! Feeling better? Here's a cable for you."

It was the chief engineer's hearty voice. His firm lips were parted in a smile.

"Yes, sir, thank you, Mr. Bradley," replied Joe sorrowfully, "but I feel awfully bad to think I did all that on my first watch. I'll never get over it, sir."

Bradley gave him a pat on the shoulder that made him wince. "You're all right, Hadley! Watson came to me like a man and told me he had left the water low in boiler C. And we have overhauled that port feed pump. The valve seats were all loose, and the rod was out of line. No wonder it couldn't pump water! It wasn't your fault. No one was killed; don't you lose any sleep over what happened."

Lieutenant Bradley shook hands with Joe and went out, leaving his sick fireman happy. Joe read his message. It was from his mother and said she was better and had received the allotment as well as a check that Joe had sent a month before. The message made him feel still easier.

He relaxed into his first good sleep for a long time. He was again awakened by the voice of the chief engineer. "Here, Hadley! Read your appointment as water tender. Sign here." The chief spoke roughly.

Joe's plain features lighted up.

"And here, read this cable!" Joe took the outstretched paper. The blood rushed to his face as he read: "Hadley awarded medal for heroism. Secretary, Navy."

PIDGIN ENGLISH, BUT LOGICAL

INEXPRESSIBLY funny, says Miss Beatrice Grimshaw in the *Wide World Magazine*, are some of the candid quarrels between the down-river, or older, natives of the Sepik River in New Guinea, and the up-river natives, who know little or nothing of civilization: Here is an example:

"You savvy *kai-kai* man!" (You are a man-ester!) one big bully who came from down-river taunted a slim youth from up-river.

The youth did not deny the impeachment; he merely retorted: "You no savvy anything; you savvy *kai-kai* tim' fiss (tinned fish), thass all!"

A roar of laughter from the others stung the semicivilized fellow, and he shouted the universal pidgin insult: "Head belong you all the same stone!"

"I no fight belong man he savvy *kai-kai* fiss," replied the youth. "I savvy *kai-kai* you; you no savvy *kai-kai* me." (I am not afraid of a tinned-fish eater; I could eat you, but you could not eat me.)

The logic was unanswerable, and the big fellow did not attempt a retort.

(Remember, these are merely magazine electro reproductions of the real photographs)



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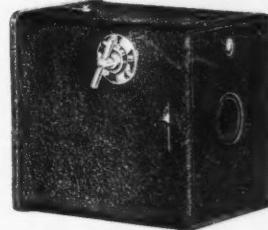
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Another Birthday

FACT AND COMMENT

NOTHING IS LOST until you've lost your courage.

What Greedy Ears receive Loose Tongues betray,
But no one can Repeat what you Don't say.

YOU CAN TEACH AN OL' DOG new tricks all right if he's willin' to learn, says Uncle Eli, but usually he ain't. That's what's made him an ol' dog.

CLOVER IS DEAD. No one knows exactly how many years he had numbered, but he is known to have been the oldest horse in the world. His owner, a clergyman at Catawissa, Pennsylvania, had him for thirty-seven years and knows that he was a full-grown horse ten years before that. Clover is supposed to have been fifty-three years old. We hope his life was as pleasant as his name suggests.

TENANT FARMERS who have one-year contracts, says the Bureau of Farm Management of the Department of Agriculture, generally stay on their farms longer and are more contented than tenants who have five-year contracts. If a man has a short contract, he doesn't worry about the terms, because he knows that at the end of the year he can readjust them; but, if he has a long contract, either he or the owner is almost sure to become dissatisfied. Trouble ensues, and the tenant moves at the first opportunity.

AN EDITORIAL ARTICLE that we recently printed on British taste in girls' names prompted one of our staff to pick up the catalogue of an American college for women and run through a list of six hundred names. Of the ten girls' names most popular in England not one appeared among the ten seemingly most popular in America. The British ten, in order, were Phyllis, Grace, Elsie, Barbara, Patience, Prudence, Jane, Susan, Priscilla and Matilda. The American list is Mary, Elizabeth, Dorothy, Helen, Margaret, Marion, Katherine, Ruth, Anne (Anna) and Eleanor. Barbara and Grace on the British list came nearest to meeting similar favor here, where they stood twenty-first and twenty-third.

THE ELECTIONS AND THE DAWES PLAN

IT is a striking coincidence that both France and Germany held parliamentary elections within a week of each other and only a few weeks after the Dawes plan for settling the troublesome matter of reparations had been published. The elections naturally aroused general interest throughout the world, for everyone realized that they would reveal the attitude of the two countries toward the latest effort to compose their differences.

The elections have come and gone and have thrown no serious obstacle in the way of making a fair trial of the Dawes plan. It was already clear that necessity, which is more efficacious than either public opinion or political prejudice in determining national policy, would compel both France and Germany to agree to the essentials of the Dawes plan unless one country or the other should be swept into revolution. That has not occurred. Evidently political opinion has shifted widely—in France widely enough to

overturn the government,—but nevertheless we do not anticipate that the politicians will try to disregard the dictates of necessity.

In Germany the most significant thing was, not the gains that the Monarchs made, but the largely increased vote of the Communists. Taken in connection with the strike of the miners in the Ruhr, that vote indicates that the working people are in revolt. The Germans begin to understand that they must pay substantial sums in reparation; the question now is where those sums shall come from. The rich men of the Stinnes group have planned to put the burden on the working classes by cutting wages and lengthening hours, but the working classes plainly object. In the conflict between the capitalists and the workmen lies the greatest danger to the stability of the German government and to the settlement of the economic disturbances of Europe.

The French voters have overthrown the Nationalist bloc that President Millerand and Premier Poincaré formed nearly five years ago, and that has been in control of French politics almost ever since. The French have found out that M. Poincaré's aggressive attitude toward Germany is not going to produce immediate results in cash, and they have revolted against the increased taxes that his policy has laid upon their shoulders. If the Socialists and the Radicals can organize a coherent bloc of their own, they can control the Chamber; but they will be not less but more inclined than M. Poincaré to an amicable agreement upon the reparations question. The French are clearly drifting away from the state of mind in which the war left them. They are ardent patriots, but they are also realists in politics. Apparently they have grown dissatisfied with the results that the policy of "the strong hand" has produced.

The Dawes plan, we believe, is sure to have a trial, if only because it is the one possible means of escaping the deadlock that still paralyzes the economic life of Europe. We believe also that, if it gets a fair and honest trial, it will do what it is intended to do. The peril that besets it is the possibility that Germany may be driven into revolution because those Germans who are best able to bear the burden of reparations are determined to transfer it to the shoulders of their less fortunate countrymen.

CONCERNING ICELAND

ICELAND, remote and lonely off there in the northern seas, is not so far withdrawn from the rest of the world as to be unaffected by the difficulties and confusions through which other nations are passing. It is dependent on richer and more favorably situated countries not only for a great variety of manufactured articles but for many kinds of food. Under present conditions importing is costly business. The rate of exchange runs heavily against Iceland, which has little to export; the Icelandic crown has lost a large part of its value, and the cost of living has risen alarmingly.

What then have the Icelanders done to meet the situation? They have resorted to prohibition—not of liquor, but of almost everything else. The Althing, as the parliament is called, has voted that for two years neither clothing nor shoes, neither automobiles nor photographic films, neither furniture nor pictures, neither soap nor jewelry, nor certain kinds of food that are produced only in the more genial climates to the southward, shall be imported into the island. Those things the Icelanders must make for themselves if they can or go without if they cannot. Most of them, including of course all the luxurious food, they will have to give up for two years.

Not many legislative bodies, if any, would have the courage to pass so self-denying a law as this; not many people, if any, would submit to such a law; yet we have heard of no commotion among the Icelanders. In their lonely home under the Arctic circle they have learned self-control and denial. They have never learned to want the thousand and one things that we of richer lands have come to think of almost as necessities. They are so accustomed to living a simple and self-sufficient life that it will not be hard for them to make that life a little more simple and self-sufficient. They do very well without most of the mechanical conveniences and flimsy luxuries that the age elsewhere demands. They will no doubt be content under restrictions and deprivations that would throw our society of ill-disciplined wants into a paroxysm of protest.

To those of us—and there are so many!—

who find the satisfactions of life in the abundance of our possessions and in the constant diversion of our attention to the rather hard, rather bare, life of the Icelanders seems unbelievably tedious. Yet the Icelanders seem to say the least of it, are as happy and as well content with life as we are. They are perhaps the best-educated people in the world. They have a long tradition of devotion to literature and art, for it is Iceland that preserved and put into literary form the old Sagas of the Nordic race. Not in letters or in music or in manners have they succumbed to the hysteria of the jazz age. From the point of view of our over-stimulated civilization they may appear deplorably sober and old-fashioned; but there are some of us who will sigh with a little envy in our hearts at the thought of a land where life is something else than a feverish scramble between eager acquisition and noisy entertainment, where there are still standards of taste and conduct, and where people are willing to go without things that they cannot afford to buy.

TASKS

THESE is no denying that tempers vary in regard to tasks. There are persons to whom regular labor seems to come naturally, who get up and go to their work day after day without complaint and even with a certain apparent enjoyment, as if they were made to do that one thing and nothing else. There are other persons who perpetually rebel; who do the work because they must, but who are constantly sighing and thinking and talking of the other things that they should prefer to do.

Yet even in the most virtuous and most industrious there is something somewhere that resents a set task. Sir Walter Scott was one of the great workers of the world, not only great in accomplishment but great in power of working. He could stick to a task and get it done in the face of all possible difficulty. Yet even Sir Walter said, "It is not that I am idle in my nature, neither. But propose to me to do one thing, and it is inconceivable, the desire I have to do something else." We hate a task because it is a task, because some one else, or circumstances, or even our own choice, is forcing us to do it. Even occupations delightful in themselves may become a burden if we feel that we are obliged to devote ourselves to them at a set time, whether we will or not.

There are at least three ways of mitigating the irksomeness of daily duty, and we can all get some good out of all of them. In the first place we should think less of the nature of the immediate task itself than of the larger result of it. If it is worth doing at all, it is almost sure to mean some sort of wider benefit to ourselves or to others, and reflection upon this makes us forget the more sordid details. Secondly, it is astonishing what a difference it makes when you try to do your work in the very best way you can. Do not let it degenerate into mere careless routine, but every day add some more perfect touch that you can be proud of. Thirdly, learn the importance of habit. Do not let things drag; do not slight them or slack them. Be on hand at the right hour, dispatch details in the right order, let your thoughts and your hands move in the way that is most efficient and profitable. To do a task carefully and promptly vastly diminishes the burden of it. After doing it in that way you may even be astonished to find that when it is interrupted you miss and regret it.

AFTER OIL, WHAT?

OIL is a wonderful fuel. We can get it easily and cheaply out of the earth, we can transport it inexpensively, it requires no particular labor to feed it to the boilers, we can control perfectly the fire it makes, it leaves no bulky or dirty ash. In the form of gasoline it is almost indispensable for internal-combustion engines, of which there are millions upon millions in use. It has been a commodity for only about a generation, yet it has displaced coal for many purposes and performs many services that coal cannot perform. It seems as if we could not do without it.

Yet there is a great deal of nervousness in regard to the supply of oil. Some engineers believe that there are still great reservoirs to be discovered, and that it will be a long time before we need to disturb ourselves about the oil that we require to run our automobile and other engines. But more are inclined to fear that we are fast exhausting the natural

supply of oil, and that it will be only a few years—ten or twenty at most—before steadily rising prices will convince us that we have got to look elsewhere for fuel. The oldest oil fields in this country have already run dry; the larger fields in the West show signs that their period of greatest production is past. Other countries cannot furnish an inexhaustible supply, and much of what they can furnish is controlled by other nations than the United States. Oil can be got from crushed shale rock but is expensive. According to the best opinion, the "oil age" is to be a short one.

If oil should begin to fail, we should have to fall back again on coal, supplemented no doubt by more intelligent and systematic use of water power. There are physicists who dream of an inexhaustible supply of power derived from the rays of the sun, but the machinery to make use of the sun's heat has not yet been invented, and, if human ingenuity should succeed in finding it, one of the first results would be that industry would leave the cloudy northern lands like England and our own Eastern states for the deserts of the subtropical regions.

If we are reduced once more to depend on coal and water power alone, we shall no longer content ourselves with talking about the "giant power" schemes that the engineering journals are continually urging on us. Coal burned at the pit mouth and water harnessed wherever a fall exists or can be created will be called on to furnish high-tension electric power, which can be transmitted for long distances with little loss. We are still merely playing with those schemes, because they do not yet present themselves as indispensable. When oil fails, they will become indispensable.

The problem of the internal-combustion engine is a little more difficult. What will become of the automobile when oil becomes a luxury? Offhand no one can answer the question; but the most likely substitute is alcohol. That is already a practicable fluid fuel, though it is more expensive than gasoline and not so efficacious. But it is as nearly inexhaustible as anything can be, since it can be made from vegetable materials that renew themselves year by year. We know of nothing else that would come so near to taking the place of oil.

AMATEUR RULES IN COLLEGE SPORT

IF a boy has a special talent for anything other than athletics, the use of it helps him to support himself while he is getting an education and does not bar him from representing his college. He may sing in a glee club and also sing in the concerts of the college glee club. He may earn money by writing college news for a daily paper and still be eligible as an editor of a college publication. He may play in a band or a hotel orchestra and also belong to any of the college musical clubs. He may canvass or earn money in any other way and still manage one of the college teams. He may accept money as a lecturer or as a campaign orator and be all the better qualified to "make" the debating team. But if he plays "summer ball" or wins a money prize in the firemen's Fourth of July games or turns a single penny from his skill and special aptitude in athletics, he at once becomes a "professional" and is forever disqualified to represent his Alma Mater in sports.

Is it just or necessary to apply such stringent rules to school boys or to undergraduates? There are sports to which certain "stars" can give the greater part of their time, and in which they may accept valuable prizes and live on "expense" money and yet retain their standing as "amateurs." The absurdity of the situation is obvious. There is nothing degrading or disgraceful about being a professional in any sport; the only wrong consists in lying about it.

Who then should decide whether a boy is entitled to play on a college team or to compete on the track? Obviously the faculty. If there are to be "athletic scholarships," let the professors award them. From daily contact with the students and from the quality and spirit of their scholastic work, the teachers know quite well which students are in earnest about getting an education and which ones are professionals only in sport. The honor and the reputation of a college should be the only criterion.

"I look for the time," wrote Dean Briggs in his report last year as chairman of the Harvard Athletic Committee, "when Harvard, Yale and Princeton shall say to one

another, "I need know nothing more about the legitimacy of your players than is implied by your willingness that they should represent you." Then, and not till then, shall we be sportsmen."

It is not easy to believe that a boy will pass the entrance examinations to a college, will maintain a good scholastic standing and will do his daily college work to the satisfaction of his teachers throughout his freshman year only for the sake of playing on the college teams. What salaries would not the true professional ball players demand if besides playing ball they had to attend lectures, study text books and write themes? Yet, were they in college, they would have to do all those things to deceive the professors about their real purposes.

If a boy is in earnest about getting an education, why should he not be allowed to use his athletic ability as a means of earning money in vacation time? Hired "ringers" and tramp athletes on a college team mean a complacent faculty and a crooked administration. Athletic boys who are at heart amateurs but who need to earn money to meet the cost of their education should not be handicapped as they are by the present rules.

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will contain a useful article on Aprons for Every Need.

THE BOYS' PAGE

will contain Siege and Sally, directions for playing a fascinating game especially suitable for boys' camps. The page will also have an instructive article on Trout Fishing with Trout Bugs.

CURRENT EVENTS

ALTHOUGH the parties of the Left in France—the Radicals, Socialists and Communists—outnumber the Nationalist bloc and the groups that vote with it in the new Chamber, the margin is not wide. It amounts to only twenty or thirty votes, and, as the union of the parties of the Left is much less solid than that of the Millerand-Poincaré bloc, it is reasonable to believe that any ministry it may support must be short-lived. Meanwhile it is important to remember that M. Poincaré was defeated on issues of domestic rather than of foreign policy. No one expects that the French attitude toward Germany will be completely reversed, although a Radical ministry would doubtless adopt a more conciliatory tone.

FOR more than a week Major Martin, the leader of the American round-the-world flying squadron, was lost in the Alaskan wilderness, and there was much apprehension concerning his fate; but he and his mechanician eventually appeared at Port Moller. Their plane had crashed into a mountain side in the fog and was completely wrecked, but fortunately neither man was seriously hurt. They underwent severe hardships, however, in finding their way to the nearest settlement. The three other aviators continued their flight under the command of Lieut. Lowell H. Smith and at last accounts had arrived safe in Japan. At the same time

the single French aviator, M. Doisy, passing the British expedition in India, had got as far as China.

THE German election, like the French, has left the parties evenly balanced. The chief question of course is what the new Reichstag will do with the Dawes plan. The Socialists are demanding a great plebiscite on the issue of accepting or rejecting it. To that the present government is unlikely to consent. Communist activities have greatly increased since the election, and at Halle and at various towns in the Ruhr district there have been demonstrations and armed clashes between the Reds and the military police.

FROM Tibet come reports that the expedition that is trying to reach the top of Mount Everest has made satisfactory progress, although its leader, General Bruce, had to return sick, to Darjeeling. Lieutenant Colonel Norton is now in command. To the first of May the weather was more propitious than it was in 1922, and the members of the party have high hope of complete success. Probably they are making the final effort to reach the top as these words are read, for, unless they reach the summit before the end of June, they will hardly reach it at all.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE failed to get the support of the House of Representatives in his attempt to soften the sting of Japanese exclusion by diplomatic means. He asked that the date when the exclusion law should go into effect should be postponed until March 1, 1925. The Republican leaders in the House followed him and ten or twelve Democrats also voted for postponement, but enough Republicans took the other side to defeat the proposal by 191 votes to 171. The President was also rebuffed in the Senate, where a combination of Democrats and "insurgent" Republicans substituted income-tax rates proposed by the Democratic leader, Senator Simmons, for those that Secretary Mellon had asked for. As we write, the amended tax bill has not yet passed. Many persons believe that, if it does pass in its new form, the President will veto it.

A YOUNG medical man, Dr. Lloyd D. Felton of Harvard University, has succeeded in isolating from serum obtained by inoculating horses with the pneumonia germ a crystalline powder that seems to be a protective substance capable of preventing or even of curing pneumonia. The highly qualified physicians who have observed Dr. Felton's experiments think that the discovery will reduce the death rate from pneumonia by almost if not quite one half, which means saving thirty or forty thousand lives a year in this country alone.

THE British House of Commons was thrown into such disorder by the Speaker's conduct in preventing a vote on a bill for home rule and a separate parliament for Scotland that the session had to be suspended. The bill was introduced by a Labor member and had so much Labor and Liberal support that its sponsor believed it would pass. Its advocates had an arrangement with the Speaker, Mr. Whitley, by which he was to recognize a motion for the closure of debate and permit a vote on the bill; but he was so indignant at the way in which the Labor benches howled down those speakers who opposed the bill that he refused to carry out the agreement and permitted the discussion to continue until the time for a vote had expired.

THE London conference between representatives of the soviet government and of the British government seems likely to end in failure unless the Russians accommodate themselves somewhat to the British point of view. Premier MacDonald has told them plainly that they can expect no financial help from any British source unless they agree that private British creditors shall be reimbursed for investments destroyed or seized by the soviet government. No one in England is likely to send good money after bad or to lend to those who repudiate loans made in good faith. Up to the time of writing there has been interminable discussion across the council table, but no satisfactory conclusions have been reached. The soviet representatives apparently expected the Labor government to sanction their repudiation of all loans, public or private, made to pre-soviet Russia. They are much disappointed to learn that it will do no such thing.

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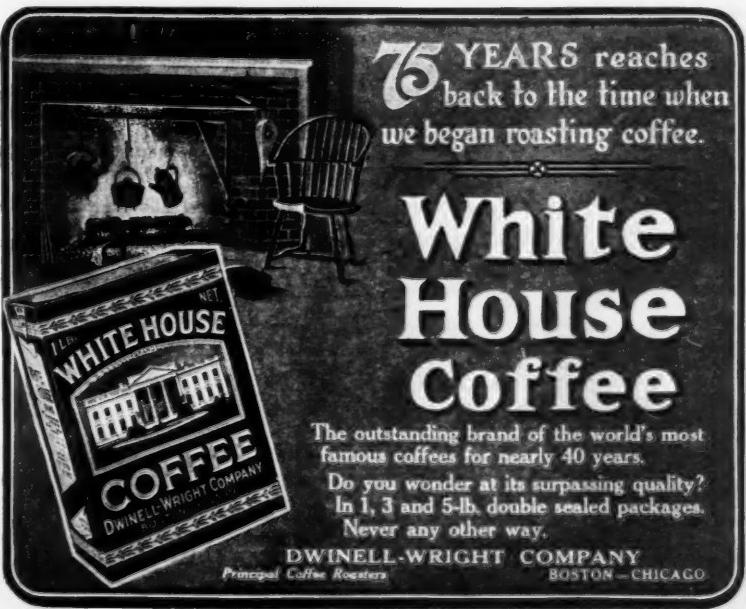
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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



THE OLD-FASHIONED DOLL

By Alfarata B. Hilton

Such a tiny fitted waist,
Buttoned smoothly up the back!
Ruffled skirts are billowy,
China curls all sleek and black.
Grandma used to play with you,
Loved you very much, I know;
Only see the button holes
Worked so neatly in a row!
And the prim, quaint dresses made
Of merino or delaine
Must have been such fun to take
Off and then put on again!
Though the colors now seem dull,
Snuff and mulberry and plum,—
Grandma thought them very fine
As she sat and sewed each one.
Dear, stiff doll that grandma loved
Many, many years ago,
I would rather play with you
Than with any doll I know!



DANNIE B. BUTTON'S FOURTH OF JULY ADVENTURE

By Frances S. M. Franks

It was the morning of a long-ago Fourth of July in the country, and a little girl named Judy sat on her own farmhouse doorstep and cried and cried and cried. The sun was shining clear and bright and strong. The hired man had almost to shut one eye when he squinted at the place where he said the sun was climbing up a golden ladder. He said that to make the little girl laugh, but she didn't even lift her head.

Birds were singing joyfully. The hired man told the little girl it sounded to him as if they were all singing:

"We're glad, we're glad, that cats do not have wings, wings, wings.
We're glad they cannot fly!"

He said that too to make the little girl laugh, but she couldn't. The cat walked happily down the path waving her tail as if she were dusting sunbeams with a feathery plume; so at least the hired man spoke of it, but the little girl didn't stop crying. Finally that



"Down with the Fourth of July!"

VERSE AND DRAWING BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

"Keep it down!" scream the birds in the tippy-top tree.
"All here in convention are quick to agree
Such acts must be stopped by our solemn decree!
Down with the Fourth of July!

"Such a lot of hiss-booming is proper below
On the ground where the people with fireworks go,
But to send those swish-bangers up here—No! No! No!
Down with your Fourth of July!"



good hired man said "Oh, hum!" and followed the cat to the barn. Then away he went on the big wagon with the little girl's father and brothers to the hayfield.

Round the little girl's neck was a string, and on the string was one small brown button, the name of which was Dannie B. Button. When big brother Dan was a little boy the button had gone to school with him on a brown-and-white checked gingham blouse. In those days big brother Dan always had perfect history lessons. At school on examination days he could answer any question that the teacher asked about George Washington or Abraham Lincoln or the Fourth of July. That was the reason that Judy chose Dannie B. Button from her big button family to go to the farmers' picnic that day and hear the Governor make a speech.

Now Dannie B. Button was as hard as nails and he didn't cry a single tear when he was told that he could not go to the picnic and hear the Governor make a speech. He didn't even turn pale, but stayed as brown and sturdy-looking as ever when the farmer said, "It will surely rain before night. I am sorry, but we must stay at home from the picnic to get the hay in."

And the farmer added to Judy as he gently pinched her cheek, "We must make hay while the sun shines, sis."

Judy didn't like the sound of those words. She would rather have heard the band play at the picnic.

Her mother said cheerfully, "We shall have to stay at home today, for what can't be cured must be endured."

Judy didn't like the sound of those words. She would rather have heard the band play at the picnic.



The Fourth of July at Roadside Rock

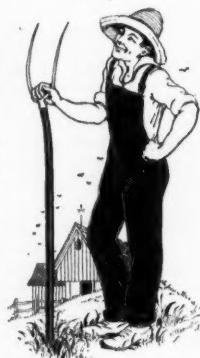
In the spare bedroom, spread out on the spare bed, was Judy's Sunday white dress with the blue silk sash beside it, waiting to go to the picnic; and Judy couldn't go. That was why she sat on the steps and cried and cried and cried that lovely Fourth-of-July morning.

After the hired man went away no one seemed to care whether she cried or not; so after a while Judy wiped her eyes and stopped. Truth to tell, she couldn't cry any longer; she had cried all her tears. Dannie B. Button didn't say a word, but when Judy began to wonder what to do next there he was at the end of the string.

"Let me tell you something, Dannie B. Button," said Judy at last. "It is the Fourth of July here as much as it is at the picnic, and never mind the Governor! You are here and I am here, and I know where there are probably five hundred Americans ready to sing and listen to speeches. You have got to make a Fourth-of-July speech. You come with me down by the Roadside Rock."

Dannie B. Button went. He couldn't help himself. About half an hour afterward while he and the little girl Judy were playing beside a huge rock across the road from the farmhouse they heard the sound of horses' feet pounding on the

DRAWINGS BY KATHERINE G. BEALEY



The hired man

Oh, isn't it jolly to ride on the trolley
With a mind and a body at freedom to play?
Come, folks in the city, take heed to my ditty,
And ride with the jolly old Giant today!



highway. The next second two black horses went by like the wind, dragging the reins along the ground.

At the same moment Judy's mother and the hired girl ran down the path and through the gate. Then with Judy they flew along the road to see what had



happened. They learned that a neighbor and his wife with guests from the city, a father and mother and three small daughters, had started to drive to the picnic and that their horses had run away. No one was hurt. The little girls were frightened, however, and were crying.

Judy longed to comfort such forlorn strangers; so, when the grown folks went to the farmhouse with her mother, she said to the little girls, "Won't you come to the Fourth of July at Roadside Rock? This is Dannie B. Button, and he is going to make the speech. The audience is waiting. Father and mother Pink Clover and all their children are there, and Mr. and Mrs. Clover White and their children. Grandfather Dandelion is there with all his folks, and the Buttercup girls are in the center of the crowd. The Rock folks and the Stone folks and the Pebble families are in their places. The only bad-acting ones are the Green-apple boys; they keep pushing one another. Do please come!"

The three little strangers were glad to go with Judy. She was the kind of little girl that they liked.

"The Willow Band will play the Star-Spangled Banner," Judy announced as she placed Dannie B. Button on a platform of rock. "If you three wish to hear the band, why you just go 'Toot-toot-toot-toot, TOOT—T-O-O-T' like this, or 'Bum-bum-bum' like drums—you know!"

They did know. Next the band played Yankee Doodle and Columbia the Gem of the Ocean. Then Dannie B. Button made his speech, with help of course from Judy. He said such funny things about the Fourth of July and about "what it means to us, ladies and gentlemen," that the three little girls laughed until they made Judy laugh too, and then the speech had to stop because Dannie B. Button lost his voice and had to keep still.

"Please," begged the biggest little girl, "please let me go and tell my mother about this fun! I'll be back in a minute."

Sure enough, she came back straightway. "Oh," she exclaimed, "Judy, Judy, you can go with us to the picnic! Your mother says so, and you are to go and get ready. A boy came cross-lots to say that they have caught the horses, and father has just come back and says another carriage will call for us and take us to the picnic. And father says he would like to shake hands with Dannie B. Button after I told about the speech and how Dannie B. says we must stand by the country. Now do please hurry!"

Judy hurried, you may be sure; and when she was lifted into the carriage she wore a string round her neck and on the string was Dannie B. Button.

"I am so glad Dannie B. Button is going to see the Governor and hear him make a speech," Judy said to the biggest little girl. "All my life I have wanted to see a Governor, and of course Dannie B. Button feels the same way on account of knowing so much history."

Just then the three little girls in the carriage began to laugh. They put their hands over their mouths and rocked and laughed. Their father was the Governor. Judy didn't know it until she was seated on the platform with the Governor's family. She couldn't believe it then until the Sunday-school superintendent said to all the people, "We have with us today the Governor of our state," and the little girls' father rose to speak.

"Dannie B. Button," Judy whispered to the small brown button when the people were clapping their hands after the Governor sat down, "Dannie B., you shook hands a while ago with the Governor of our state. He said he was glad to meet you, and he said he hoped you would always stand by our country. Yes, sir!"

Later, when the speeches were over and dinner was done, Judy and the Governor's little girls danced a merry jig together while the crowds jostled them and the band played Yankee Doodle! Dannie B. Button danced too.

That evening at the supper table in the farmhouse Dannie B.

Button kept still, but Judy told the delighted family the entire story of his great adventure. And that night it rained and rained and rained on the roof, but the hay was safe in Judy's father's huge barn.

JIMMY GROVER AND HIS SISTER BESS

By Pringle Barret

JIMMY GROVER was not a bad little boy, but he did like to have his own way. Sometimes when Bess was playing with Jimmy's wagon you might have thought, if you had judged him by the way he acted, that he was a very bad little boy indeed.

About his wagon Jimmy was as fussy as a boy can be. He said that he did not want his little sister to play with it, because she might hurt it. Besides, he wanted to play with it himself. As soon as Bess touched the wagon Jimmy felt sure that that was the one and only thing he wanted to play with.

Now Jimmy had been over at Dan Hunter's house, playing baseball one day. So far as anyone could tell by the shouts and laughter that came from the vacant lot behind Dan's house all the boys had been having a very happy time. Jimmy's mother heard the shouts, and she was glad, for since the loss of Taps, Jimmy's dog, she had been afraid that her little boy was going to be sad for a long time.

When the baseball game broke up and Jimmy came home he thought that he should like to play with his wagon, but he couldn't find it anywhere, and so he was angry.

"Where's my wagon?" he demanded. "Who's got my wagon?" He shouted it in his loudest voice, so that if little Bess heard it she would be afraid. Jimmy's loudest voice was a cross one; it usually made his sister come running as hard as she could run if she had the wagon.

But this time no Bess came, and no wagon rattled along in Jimmy's direction.

"Where's my wagon?" he called again.

There was no answer. That made Jimmy angrier than ever. He knew that his little sister had taken the wagon off somewhere. She had no doll carriage that was large enough to carry all of her dolls at once, and she did like to give them an airing together. Jimmy's wagon was the very thing. She had used it many times before.

Now Jimmy began to think how cross he was, and the more he thought about it the crosser he became, until by and by he was so cross that he couldn't think at all. He said things without thinking.

"First she lost Taps," he said, though he knew that that was not true. Bess had hardly ever played with Taps at all. What probably happened was that Jimmy had forgotten to feed Taps the night before and that Taps had run away. Jimmy had been known to forget to feed him more than once.

"First she lost Taps," he repeated, "then she goes off with my wagon, and most likely she'll lose that too. I wish she would let my things alone!"

And Jimmy stamped his foot angrily and looked as foolish as people generally look when they are angry.

He ran to the front gate and looked up and down the street. Then suddenly he jerked open the gate and ran down the street as hard as he could run. He had seen Bess with his wagon and all her dolls.

She stood on the corner with her back to him and was talking with the two little girls who lived in the next block. They had

their doll carriages with them, but they seemed to be interested only in something that Bess was holding in her arms. Jimmy could not see what it was because Bess's back was toward him, but he thought he knew.

"One of her dolls has the whooping cough, I guess," he grunted. "I don't see why girls are always pretending that their dolls are sick."

"Won't he be sur-



Last week we told you of the sketches that Mr. Andreas Lang, Jr., who takes the part of St. Matthew in the Passion Play at Oberammergau, made for us while he was in Boston. The first one that we published was a picture of Mr. Lang's little friend Andrea. Here are two of her friends. Mr. Lang says that all three of them are very good children.

IN A BLUE MOON

By Claribel Weeks Avery

*When the moon comes up at bedtime
Through the mountains far away
It is always golden yellow,
And the sky is blue or gray.*

*But I often hear folk telling
How the fairy tales come true,
And the strangest things will happen
When the moon has turned to blue.*

*Do you suppose a blue moon
Would exactly match the sky?
Is that why I never see one
As the months and years go by?*

*If I were a bedtime fairy,
Do you know what I should do?
I should turn the sky to yellow
When I turned the moon to blue.*



prised?" he heard Bess say, and the other little girls giggled.

"Won't I be surprised, indeed!" thought Jimmy, and he ran up and jerked the handle of the wagon out of Bess's hand and ran away with it. He went so fast that some of the dolls were bounced out on the sidewalk. They might have been hurt, but Jimmy did not care. When he heard the little girls crying after him to stop he paid no attention. He thought that that was fun.

With so many dolls in it the wagon was heavy and Jimmy could not jolt them all out, and so after a while he slowed up. It wasn't so much fun as he had thought it would be, anyway. As he turned to close his front gate he felt something bump against it, and, looking down, he saw there at his feet his little curly-haired puppy, Taps!

"Oh!" said Jimmy joyfully. "Where did you come from?"

Taps wagged his tail and looked in the direction of the corner where the little girls had stood. Jimmy looked too. He saw a little girl walking toward him slowly with her head hanging down. It was Bess, and she looked as if she were going to cry. She did not have any doll or anything else in her arms. Taps ran out of the gate to meet her, but she paid no attention to him. She walked straight by him, straight by Jimmy and straight into the house.

But the little girls whom she had been talking to walked straight up to Jimmy's front gate and leaned over the gate and looked straight at Jimmy and said, "Jimmy Grover, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! After Bess found your dog and brought him back, too!"

With that the two little girls tossed their heads and stuck their noses up and walked away.

Jimmy took Taps in his arms and hugged him, and I think that Bess was not the only member of the Grover family that felt like crying that day.

At any rate, after supper when the two children were going up stairs to bed Jimmy said in a whisper, "Bess, you can play with my wagon all day tomorrow if you want to. We'll make believe that it's an ambulance and take all the dolls that I spilled to the hospital. I'm sorry I spilled them."

Jimmy's cheeks were very red, and his eyes were very big. Bess's cheeks were red too. She hugged her little brother tight round the neck and said, "I'd heaps rather have the dolls hurt than have Taps lost."

After that Bess played with the wagon whenever she liked.



SUGAR BOWLS

By Anne Lloyd

*My mother says her sugar bowl
Is under brother's chin,
But I think that's a silly place
To keep the sugar in.*

*And when she kissed me yesterday
She turned me right around
And said that underneath my curls
A sugar bowl she found.*

*I know her truly sugar bowl
Is not like that a bit;
It's made of silver, for sometimes
She lets me polish it!*

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WIND FACES

By Mazie V. Caruthers



*The winds that blow where none may see
Four different faces show to me;*

*The North wind is a buccaneer
With long, hooked nose and cruel leer,
Who sails the main on a pirate ship,
Pistols and cutlass at his hip.*

*Tranquil, calm, is the wind of the South,
Like a gentle nun with a sweet, pure mouth
Singing alone in the cloisters dim.
(Have you not heard her vesper hymn?)*

*A rollicking lad is the Western wind,
Roaming the world to seek and find
(Sandaled with faery shoon his feet)—
Strange worlds to see, strange folk to meet.*

*The East wind is a woman old,
Shrouded in thick mists 'gainst the cold.
Weaver of weird, wild spells is she,
Tears in her eyes continually.*

*The winds that others may not see
These different faces show to me!*



THE NICK IN THE AXE

WALTER SMITH went to the woodpile to do his part in keeping up the supply of wood for the kitchen stove. It was a clear, frosty morning; the snow was glistening; the ice on the pond was smooth and inviting, and Walter's skates had been recently sharpened. He picked up the axe and swung it quickly and impatiently down on a stout beech block. Out from the edge of the steel flew a small fragment.

Walter looked at the nick in dismay. He had neglected to warm the axe and thus take out the frost; zero weather makes steel brittle. Walter knew that his father would not tolerate a nicked axe round the place; so, being an honest boy, he took it to him at once.

"That is too bad, Walter," said Mr. Smith patiently. "You turn the grindstone, and I'll hold the axe."

Hour after hour Walter turned away at the stone; all the morning he and his father worked and again after dinner. Boys passed with their skates on their way to the pond, but Walter had to grind on. The steel was hard, and at night the nick still showed. And the next morning, though his arms and shoulders ached, he had to turn the grindstone again. Finally about noon the axe was in good shape.

"There, that's done," said the father. "Impatience doesn't pay, does it, Walter? What we have to do we should do right and in good spirit. If we do it in any other way, something and sometimes some one gets hurt. That hasty blow has delayed you in your wood cutting and has made a lot of extra hard work besides, without considering that it has spoiled a day and a half for me. No wonder the Apostle tells us to add self-control and patience to faith and courage and knowledge. But, my boy, you are lucky you could grind out the result of your impatient act. A rash word or deed might knock a nick out of your teacher's respect for you or out of a valued friendship or out of some other noble relationship in life that could not be so easily mended."

It was a lesson that Walter never forgot. In after years, when his impatient spirit seemed likely to gain control over him he remembered that weary day and a half spent grinding out the nick in the axe.



OLD-FASHIONED LOVERS

THREE is a charm sometimes in the very stiffness and stiltedness of old-time love letters, especially when authentic records prove that the long-dead lovers truly loved, truly married and truly "lived happy ever after." This is how one lovely Mary of more than a century ago accepted her Daniel:

Concord, December 26, 1806.
Why should I hesitate to acknowledge that Mr. White's professions were accepted as he could wish? To his character I am no stranger; it justifies me in confessing that, in the approbation of affectionate parents, he will meet that of

Mary Van Schalkwyk.

It was in the first month of their engagement that Daniel White wrote from Newburyport to Mary in Concord:

I am returned, my dearest love, to my books and business—in health, but with little power of application to either. I cannot withdraw my mind from the delightful contemplation of the dear object of my heart, who inspires and possesses my whole soul, who has led all my affections into a most enchanting captivity. O my Mary! my inestimably precious and dear Mary! permit me this once to pour out my feelings. I never dared to hope in this life for the happiness I now feel. I am not romantic; I am solemnly serious; and, oh, my lovely friend! lovely in every charm that can interest and elevate the heart, it is with a hallowed affection I yield to your power—I feel it is a heavenly power calculated to improve my heart and life, to animate my devotions and to elevate my eternal hopes.

Mary, in most of her letters, is quite as "solemnly serious" as Daniel and as full of piety and lofty aspirations; but occasionally there is a lighter touch, as in one letter written during her convalescence from a dangerous illness:

This morning Harriet entered my chamber with a kiss and "Cousin, did you hear the stage pass?"—"Yes"—"And do you expect a letter?"—"Not much." Then she drew from her bosom *your letter!* The most welcome visitant I could possibly have received, the writer excepted!

A fit companion to this pretty picture of eager sweetheart and teasing cousin is one given by a girl friend of the happy young husband soon after his marriage. Riding homeward with a company of acquaintances at the close of a business meeting, he dismounted at her gate to inquire after her grandmother, pausing long enough also to beg some flowers for his wife from the garden. The girl hastily gathered a bouquet of carnations, sweet peas and myrtle, which before riding on to overtake his companions the devoted Daniel hid in his breast under his coat "lest the gentlemen should think him a goose."



SLEEPING FISH

FISHES, writes a correspondent, sleep as regularly as human beings, but since they have no eyelids they do not appear to sleep. Most species sleep at night and rest upon the bottom, and some kinds even lie upon their sides. Fishes are for the most part light sleepers; it is difficult to observe them when they are asleep, for the least increase in light is likely to arouse them. All we know about sleeping fish we have learned from a few species in aquaria.

The common salt-water blackfish, or tautog, lies on his side and is such a sound sleeper that you can easily watch him in an aquarium. The tautog, resting on one side, often has his mouth half open, and you can well imagine that he is snoring. Another curious thing about sleeping fish is that most of them put on night-gowns, so to speak. The tautog always dons stripes and spots of black when he goes to bed, and the common scup, or porpoise, which is silvery gray when awake and swimming round, goes to sleep among the roots of eel grass or seaweeds and changes to a striped coat of brown and gray that exactly matches his surroundings and protects him from his enemies.

A fish that changes still more when he sleeps is the green parrot fish of our southern waters. During the day he is clear turquoise green, but as soon as he goes to the bottom to rest among the stones and weeds he fades to dull olive, and numerous reddish brown spots and blotches appear upon his body, so that it is hard to see him among his surroundings. But if a parrot fish is placed in an aquarium with a plain green bottom, he keeps his coat of green and does not change. If a few pebbles or other objects are put into the aquarium, a few spots will appear upon the fish as he sleeps, and as fast as such objects are added more and more blotches appear. No one who is unfamiliar with the habits of the parrot fish would ever dream that the handsome green creature swimming round in the water belonged to the same species as the dull olive and brown fish resting sound asleep among the rocks and weeds on the bottom.



SECRET LANGUAGES

ALMOST everyone has had as a child the thrill of learning and speaking some variety of "hog Latin"; that is, the secret dialects created by adding syllables to the familiar words of everyday speech. What we do as an amusement of childhood the native tribes of Central and East Africa do in utmost seriousness. Mr. Bassett Digby, writing in the Manchester Guardian, tells some curious things about the secret languages of the African blacks.

The code tongues, he says, have come down apparently from the dim beginnings of man. Usually they vary from year to year, often from village to village, always from race to race and from sex to sex. The stern inhibitions of tabu have much to do with their existence. Certain subjects must not be talked about to children or to the uninitiate; nor may certain words be used. You must not mention, for example, the dead, certain numbers or fierce animals; you must be elusive, not explicit, or you must use the secret language.

Though usages vary, the everyday tongue is generally used as the base of the secret languages. The inventors add an extra syllable to each word as suffix or prefix or insert a consonant or a group of consonants into the middle of words or turn certain syllables backward or juggle the words in some other way. What makes the talking in code so baffling is that there is a new code every year both for men and for women, and that each annual code is understood and talked only by young persons initiated into its intricacies that particular year.

Though with a little pertinacity middle-aged persons could pick up the code year after year, they rarely bother to do so after their youth; the excitement of picking up the annual codes soon wears off. So persons of the same sex, age and neighborhood find themselves able to converse confidentially with others like themselves. Thus in mixed gathering, say in a West African hut, half a dozen extremely confidential chats may be proceeding simultaneously and in complete safety among a dozen smart talkers bawling at the top of their voices.

A few years ago Njoya, a native ruler in the Cameroons, became jealous of the particularly good set of secret languages of neighboring tribes and invented from French, English and German words a code tongue of his own, which is reserved for the exclusive use of the "cabinet" and upper administrative officials. The interesting thing about this "state language" is that instead of meaning their usual equivalents the European words have entirely different code significations. "La mission," for example, means "to see," and "franc" means "the king"; "ordnung" means "we"; "savant" means "an egg"; "lemon" means "a hill"; "left" means "which," and "England" means "a head." Njoya is immensely proud of his achievement.



"RUSSIAN PEANUTS"

THIS little story about chewing sunflower seeds in Russia that appeared in a recent issue of The Companion reminded a reader of his boyhood days in a small village in Nebraska. There as in Russia, he writes, everyone ate dried sunflower seeds. Eating sunflower seeds was by no means confined to the Russian settlers there, though the practice originated in Russia.

Years and years ago a considerable colony of what we youngsters of American parentage used facetiously to call "Roosians"—though they were German-Russians, remnants of a great body of Germans who migrated to Russia and whose descendants later migrated to the United States—settled throughout the Middle West. Several hundred families lived near my home village, and their children attended our public schools. One of my first experiences at school was being initiated into the mysteries of husking "Roosian peanuts," as we called the sunflower seeds—inserting a handful of the unshelled seeds into my mouth and cracking and hulling them there, spitting out the hulls and chewing up the seeds in a sort of continuous process. I became an adept and have not lost the art to this day.

Everyone in the village, even adults, ate "Russian peanuts." In fact they were the bane of the teachers' lives, and janitors lost their tempers over them, for the brittle husks, which were almost like chaff, were hard to sweep from those old pine floors. To this day I believe they still sell the little sacks of "Russian peanuts" in that town, but years ago most of us boys cultivated our own sunflowers in the back lot.



MR. PEASLEE DEFENDS A NEIGHBOR

I'SPOSE it's well 'nough for a man to rely on Providence for some things," Deacon Hyne observed in a tone that showed he supposed nothing of the sort, "but I'd like him better if he dusted round and done some things for himself and left them things to Providence that he hadn't the power to help or hinder."

"Dust round and do what kind of work, f'r instance?" asked Caleb Peaslee.

"For instance, his farm work," replied the deacon acidly. "Gather his cider apples himself 'stead of waitin' for a wind to blow 'em off' the trees—same's Jerry Wilder's doin'."

"Oh, Jerry Wilder!" said Caleb. "Jerry does sort of look to the weather to favor him in most of his undertakin's; I'll give it to you about that. What's he been doin' now?"

"It's his cider apples," said the deacon. "I went by his orchard this mornin' on my way over here, and his trees were hanging full of



apples fit only for cider; so I asked him why he wasn't shakin' 'em off. And he jest canted his eye up at the sky and let on he figgered the line gale'd be 'long in a day or so and save him shakin' himself to pieces. It kind of thorned me to see the critter so conf'dent," the deacon admitted, "and I come away 'thout waitin' to hear what other job he had laid by for the weather to do fr' him."

"That's jest Jerry's way," Caleb said after a pause. "It ain't shiftlessness; he's only sartain things'll come out all right, so he don't worry about 'em."

"It's a shifless way of doin', to my way of thinkin'," the deacon contended stubbornly.

"Mebbe so—for anybody but Jerry," agreed Caleb with easy tolerance. "The p'int is, it works for Jerry; I'm willin' to allow he'll get a gale that'll drop off them apples for him, by the looks of the clouds."

The deacon, after a furtive glance at the heavens, kept silence.

"I call to mind one time," Caleb went on, "when Jerry bought a cow of Eb Drake, and give a chattel mortgage for the cow, Jerry not havin' the ready money to pay for her. Drake had a sort of hard name for collectin' debts when they fell due, so it stood Jerry in hand to be ready to pay when the time come."

"It was late in the spring 'twixt hay and grass, and no money comin' in steady to Jerry except when he worked a day here and there between gettin' his own crops in. He'd got a job helpin' Sam Carter that'd just about cleverly take care of his payment due Drake, and the night 'fore he was goin' to start on the job he stuck the corner of an axe into his foot and laid himself up so he couldn't take a step. His wife was dreadful upset over it; she couldn't see any way out but that Drake would take the cow away from 'em and they'd lose what they'd already paid him. But Jerry never had any such thought, seeminly."

"Don't you fret a mite, Sadie," he says. "I'm laid up for a few days, but there isn't any reason why I shouldn't set outdoors, and if I'm going to set out there I might as well be shavin' out some axe handles. They sell ready 'nough, and by workin' busy I can get out pretty near 'nough to square that payment when it falls due. It ain't but ten dollars anyway."

Sadie was hard to persuade, but she helped him outdoors and brought him a drawshave and some maple wood he had in the shed, and between 'em they rigged him up a shavin' horse, and Jerry fell to work. Well, he'd got a good share of enough out to make the payment when in working a knurly piece of wood he yanked too hard on the drawshave and broke it short off at one handle; and of all tools I sh'd guess a one-handled drawshave would be the nearest useless. He couldn't get down to the blacksmith shop to get it mended, so he left it layin' on the horse.

"Sadie was all down-hearted again, but Jerry cheered her up, told her how many handles he'd already got made and made her b'lieve axe handles wa'n't the only things; anyways he'd be sure to turn somethin' up in time to pay Drake. So she got over snifflin' and made ready to get dinner on the table.

"There was a big maple tree in Jerry's side yard—it don't stand there now for the reason I'm goin' to tell you of,—and he'd been shavin' his handles under it to be in the shade. Whilst he was eatin' he heard a sort of choppin' noise and asked Sadie what it was. She went to the window, and as soon as she got there she hollered, "Quit that! Quit it this minute and go away!" and then she come back to the table and told Jerry. Seems it was the Bascom twins out there, and one of 'em had got the broken shave and was chippin' the bark off'n the maple tree with it. "He'd dug off a piece as big as my two hands," she says, "and no knowin' how far he'd have gone if I hadn't ketched him!"

"Jerry looked anxious, not wantin' the tree spil'd, and after dinner she took him by the arm, and he hobbled out to look. He stopped 'fore he got to the tree, it bein' hard work to get along, but Sadie kept on till she got where she could see clear round the tree, and she reported that the bark was all right on the fur side. 'But it's sort of funny lookin' under the bark,' she says, 'all little nubbles about as big as birdshot. I never saw any maple wood like that b'fore,' s' she.

"When Jerry heard that he straightened up quick and says, 'Come here and help me over to the tree! I want to see them nubbles!' So she helped him along to the tree, and Jerry run his hand over the wood where the bark was gone, and then he grinned and sighed contented-like."

"Well," Sadie says kind of short, "what are you lookin' so pleased about?"

"That tree's a bird's-eye maple!" Jerry says. "Wuth fifty dollars sure, mebbe twice that. And that pays Drake twice over and some b'sides! We'll have to set out another shade tree," he says. "We can't afford bird's-eye maple to keep the sun off'n us. And just see how things work out if you don't worry," he says.

"Thinkin' back over that happenin,'" concluded Mr. Peaslee, "makes me b'lieve Jerry'll get his apples shook off if he waits a day or so. Them streaky-lookin' clouds up there makes me sure of it."



THE HORSEHAIR BRIDLE

WHEN I was a boy in my teens, writes a contributor, my father was elected sheriff of the county in which we lived. At that time the sheriff fed the prisoners, and my old-fashioned mother insisted on giving the "poor boys" the same sort of meals she served the family,—very good meals indeed,—and I was often commissioned to go with the deputy sheriff, a one-armed man named Kennedy, to help with the baskets of food. In that way I became acquainted with many of the prisoners.

"I see you ridin' by today, kid, on a pinto pony," observed Carruthers, a handsome young fellow charged with cattle stealing and a favorite of the deputy sheriff's. "I didn't know you had one. How'd you like to have a horsehair bridle? I'll make one for you if it's all right with Mr. Kennedy?"

"I'll speak to Sheriff Burns about it," replied Carruthers, flattered. "How much hair do you need?"

"Quite a bit. Tommy here could rustle it round the livery stables. Don't bother about it, though; I was just thinkin' the kid might like it."

Carruthers was a "trusty"; his bed was in the jail corridor, and he was permitted to saw wood for the stove occasionally. Kennedy regarded the man as more unfortunate than criminal, a victim perchance of circumstances. "Get the hair for him, Tommy," he said to me when we separated for the night. "You've been a good boy, and I know you want it."



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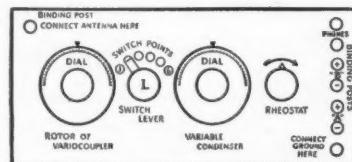
A SIMPLE AND EFFICIENT RADIO RECEIVER

THE receiving set illustrated herewith is easy to assemble and easy to work with, but in spite of its simplicity it is sensitive and is also much more selective than most receivers of the same general kind.

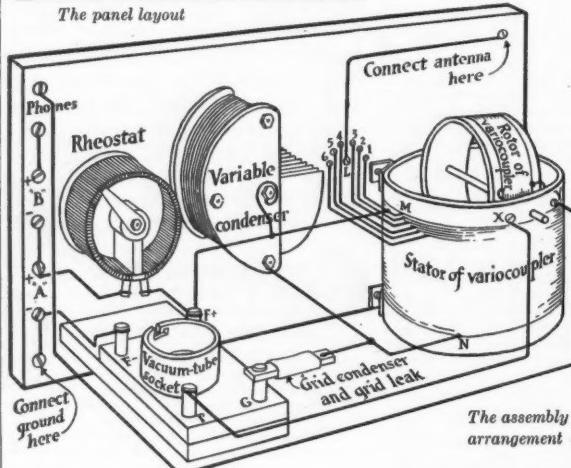
The necessary parts are as follows:

- 1 varioCoupler.
- 1 variable condenser .0003 to .0004 m.f. maximum capacity. (17 to 23 plates.)
- 1 switch arm and six switch points.
- 1 vacuum-tube socket.
- 1 vacuum-tube detector.
- 1 grid condenser .00025 m.f. capacity.
- 1 grid leak, 1 to 2.5 megohms resistance.
- 1 vacuum-tube-filament rheostat.
- 8 binding posts.
- 2 dials and 2 knobs (if not furnished with the varioCoupler and variable condenser).
- 1 headset.
- 1 filament supply battery. ("A" battery.)
- 1 22.5 to 44 volt "B" battery. (Flashlight cells.)
- 1 panel.

The relations of the component parts are clearly indicated in the drawing, and the



The panel layout



The end (N) of the stator winding opposite to the rotor winding is connected to the grid leak and grid condenser, and also to the stationary plates of the variable condenser. If the rotor of the varioCoupler is mounted like the one shown in the drawing, so that it can be turned either way from the position at right angles to the stator, you need pay no attention to the order in which the terminals of the rotor (X, Y) are connected to the circuit. If the rotor is so mounted that it can only be turned in one direction from the right-angled position, it will be necessary to try the set to find out whether the connections (X, Y) have been correctly made. If the signals are weakened when the rotor is turned parallel to the stator winding, the connections (X, Y) should be interchanged. One terminal of the rotor winding (X) goes to the plate post (P) of the vacuum-tube socket; the other terminal (Y) goes to one of the binding posts marked "Phones." From the other telephone binding post run a short connection to the positive (+) "B" binding post, and from the negative (-) "B" binding post run another short connection to the positive (+) "A" binding post. From the negative (-) "A" binding post make a connection with the binding post for the ground connection.

The only connections now remaining to be made are those to the filament posts of the vacuum-tube socket. From the positive (+) "A" binding post make a connection with one post of the filament rheostat, and from the other post of the rheostat take a lead to the positive filament terminal (F+) on the vacuum-tube

This is a receiving outfit that, given good antenna arrangement and air conditions, will tune in stations a thousand miles away

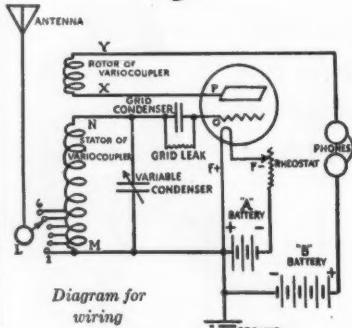


Diagram for wiring

appearance of the front of the panel is indicated in the panel layout. No dimensions are given, for the dimensions would apply only in case specified parts were used, whereas the set may be successfully assembled from parts of widely different types.

The stationary winding of the varioCoupler, approximately three and one-half inches in diameter, should have fifty turns of wire. The rotor, or movable winding, should have about thirty-five turns, though it will work with fewer. The end (M) of the stator, or fixed winding, that is next to the rotor should be connected to the nearest switch point and to the movable plates of the variable condenser and to the positive filament (F+) terminal of the vacuum-tube socket. The antenna lead is run from the binding post at which the antenna is to be connected to the center of the switch arm (L). The five remaining switch points are connected to taps brought out from the stator winding of the varioCoupler, so that various numbers of turns may be included between L and M. If you buy the varioCoupler, use the "units" taps, which are brought out on the winding. If the varioCoupler is homemade, you should bring out taps from this winding at every turn for the first five turns.

socket. From the negative filament terminal (F-) of the socket make a return connection with the negative (-) "A" binding post. On connecting the telephone receivers, "A" and "B" batteries, antenna and ground, the receiver is ready for use.

In using the receiver first set the filament rheostat so that the filament is heated to the proper brilliancy as described in the directions given by the manufacturer of the tube you are using. Then place the rotor of the varioCoupler at right angles to the stator, as shown in the drawing. Next place the switch arm on point six—the one farthest to the right. Now vary the position of the movable plates of the condenser slowly from a point where they are entirely out from the stationary plates to a point where they are entirely within the stationary plates. When a signal is heard adjust the condenser so as to obtain the maximum strength and turn the rotor of the varioCoupler in such a direction that the signals are increased in intensity. The rotor should be turned until the signals are as loud as you wish, or until it has been turned so far that the signals become distorted or you hear a whistle with the signal.

This whistle will be heard by other listeners near you so you should use the receiver carefully in order to avoid making it. Even with the whistle at its loudest the trouble caused to others in the neighborhood is only about one-quarter as much with this type of receiver as it is with many receivers that are commonly in use. However, do not use this fact as an excuse for interfering with other listeners.

If you have trouble from interference, turn the switch back toward point one, a point at a time, readjusting the position of the condenser and the rotor of the varioCoupler at each point to maintain the signal desired. When the switch is on point six the set tunes most "broadly"; that is, it is then easiest to pick up a station, but there will be the greatest amount of interference. When the switch is moved so that fewer turns are in use between L and M the set tunes more "sharply"; that is, it is more difficult to pick up a station, because the settings of the controls must be made with greater care, but there will be the least interference.

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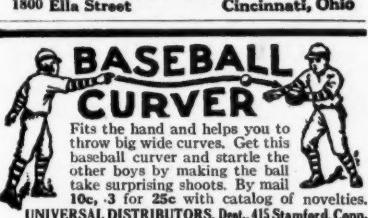
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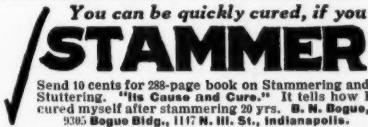


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RHUBARB, with its sweetly-sour appetizing flavor, is a dish that is always welcome. We are giving a number of receipts that will help the housewife to use it in her spring and summer menus.

ESCALLOPED RHUBARB

bread crumbs	butter
rhubarb	sugar
cinnamon	cream

Place a layer of bread crumbs in a pudding dish and lay small pieces of butter on the crumbs; then add a layer of chopped rhubarb. Sprinkle sugar on the rhubarb and cinnamon on the sugar. Add other layers until the dish is filled; use buttered crumb for the top layer. Cover the dish tight and bake it for half an hour; then remove the cover and allow the pudding to brown. Serve it hot with cream.

RHUBARB APPLE PIE

pie pastry	apples
rhubarb	sugar
butter	nutmeg
flour	

Line a pie plate with the pastry and fill it with equal parts of chopped rhubarb and apples. Add enough sugar to sweeten the dish, several small pieces of butter and a little nutmeg. Sprinkle flour on the top, add a top crust and bake the dish in a moderate oven until the apples and the rhubarb are cooked.

RHUBARB DUMPLINGS

1/2 cupful of flour	1/2 teaspoonful of baking powder
a pinch of salt	1 large tablespoonful of butter
sweet milk	cream
cream	rhubarb

Cook the rhubarb to a thick sauce. Sift together the flour, the baking powder and the salt; add the butter, and then the milk. Roll the pastry out half an inch thick and cut it into large rounds. Place two tablespoonsfuls of the rhubarb sauce in the centre of every round, draw the edges of the round together, brush the top with milk and sprinkle sugar upon it. Arrange the rounds in a greased baking pan, bake them until they are brown and serve them hot with plain or with whipped cream.

RHUBARB TARTLETS

pie pastry	seeded raisins
rhubarb	cream
flour	

Liner tart pans with the pastry and prick the bottom of each lining to prevent blistering. Make a sauce of the rhubarb, sweeten it and add one quarter cupful of the raisins to every cupful of the rhubarb sauce. Cool the sauce, then pour it into the pastry linings. Whip the cream and place one spoonful of whipped cream on the top of every tartlet.

RHUBARB AND STRAWBERRIES

5 cupfuls of rhubarb	5 cupfuls of sugar
3 cupfuls of water	2 pints of strawberries

Wash and dice the rhubarb and add it to the water and sugar. Stew the mixture until it is tender; then add the strawberries and scald the dish thoroughly without breaking the berries. Pour the mixture into sterilized jars and seal the jars at once.

APPLE-RHUBARB-RAISIN SAUCE

apples	rhubarb
raisins	

Peel and chop an equal quantity of apples and of rhubarb, stew them together and add one quarter the amount of raisins, which have been seeded and chopped. Sweeten the mixture and serve it hot or cold. If you wish, cook it until it is quite thick; then seal it in jelly tumblers and use it as a filling for sandwiches.

RHUBARB PUFFS

1 cupful of sugar	2 tablespoonfuls of butter
2 eggs	1/4 cupful of milk
1 teaspoonful of flour	1 cupful of chopped rhubarb
baking powder	

Cream the butter and sugar together and beat the eggs. Mix the butter and sugar with the eggs, the milk, the baking powder and enough flour to make a stiff batter; then add the rhubarb. Half-fill well buttered moulds with the mixture and steam it for half an hour. Serve the puffs hot with any good pudding sauce.

LADY DAINTY FISH CHOWDER

a 2-pound fresh haddock	salted water
butter	7 slices of bacon
1 quart bottle of milk	2 onions
1 teaspoonful of salt	1 green pepper
3 cupfuls of cubed potatoes	1 tablespoonful of flour

Skin and bone the fish; then cut it with scis-

sors into small pieces. Cook it in butter in an enamel frying pan until it is slightly browned. Heat the milk in a double boiler; add the salt and then the fish to the boiling milk ten minutes before you add the other ingredients. Before the other ingredients are combined fry the bacon until it is crisp and then crumble it. Pour off some of the fat and fry the onions and the pepper, which have been finely chopped. When the ingredients are nearly done sprinkle the flour so that it is absorbed by the fat and add the sizzling hot mixture to the boiling milk in the double boiler before putting in the potato cubes. If it is stirred briskly, the milk will thicken just a trifle and leave no fat on the surface. Add the other ingredients and the potato cubes, which have been cooked in well-salted water until tender and then drained. Just before pouring the chowder into serving bowls add the crumbled bacon. Frosted lemon pie served after the chowder will make a simple and delicious luncheon for four persons.

OREGON RELISH

1 1/2 dozen large, ripe tomatoes	1 large sweet red pepper
6 large white onions	1/2 cupful of sugar
1 teaspoonful each of cloves, salt, cinnamon allspice and nutmeg	1 pint of vinegar

Peel the tomatoes and cut them very fine, chop the red pepper and onions and mix all the ingredients except the vinegar. Boil the dish until the onions are tender; then add the vinegar and salt to taste.

BAKED LAMB CHOPS

lamb chops	water cress
onion	cream
butter	seasoning
potatoes	water

Place the chops in a baking dish that has been rubbed over with a slice of onion. Add enough butter to baste them and a little water if it is necessary. Bake the chops for about one half hour and then garnish them with rice potatoes. To prepare the potatoes boil them until they are very tender, add a little water cress, finely minced, cream, butter and seasoning. Force the mixture through a ricer.

EGGS WITH SPINACH

spinach	eggs
cream	brown bread

Let the spinach simmer until it is thoroughly cooked. Before serving chop it very fine and mix a very little cream into it. Arrange it in a low mound on a platter and place poached eggs on top. Serve with slices of toasted brown bread.

OMELET SOUFFLÉ

4 eggs	vanilla extract
1 tablespoonful of powdered sugar	

Beat separately the whites of the four eggs and the yolks of two. Cut and fold the whites into the yolks and add the powdered sugar and a few drops of vanilla extract. Turn the mixture out on a shallow tin or plate and bake it for ten or twelve minutes. Serve it immediately on the dish in which it was baked.

TAPIOCA ICE

1 pint of red raspberry juice	4 level tablespoonfuls of or pineapple juice
3 cupfuls of sliced banana	minute tapioca
1 pint of hot water	1/2 cupful of coconut
1/4 pint of sugar	whipped cream

Boil the fruit juice, water, sugar and tapioca together for fifteen minutes, stirring them constantly. Pack the mixture in ice. When it is very cold add the banana and coconut. Serve the dessert in sherbert cups, topping them off with whipped cream.

FRUIT CUSTARD

canned fruit	2 eggs
flour	1/4 cupful of sugar
1 pint of milk	salt or vanilla

Put a thick layer of any kind of canned fruit in a baking dish and sprinkle a layer of flour on top to keep the fruit in place. Then pour over the fruit a custard made with the milk, eggs, sugar, flour and lemon or vanilla. Bake the whole in a moderate oven until the custard is set. This dish is delicious with raspberries.

FRUIT PUFF PUDDING

1 pint of flour	salt
1 1/2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder	milk
1/2 cupful of strawberries	strawberries
sauce	

Mix well the flour, baking powder and salt and make it into a soft batter with milk. Put into well-greased cups a spoonful of batter, then one of the strawberries or any other fruit, then another of batter. Steam or bake the whole for twenty minutes and serve it with a sauce.



Don't buy Jar Rings blindly

A western demonstration agent introducing a lecture on meat canning made the following allusion to jar rings:

"In buying dress goods you inquire from the clerk about the color and washability; whether it will stain, etc. In buying draperies you ask about permanency of color, etc. In buying food you inquire whether it is good, pure, etc. In buying fruit jar rings you ask the storekeeper for a box of rings regardless as to brand, color, whether they will blow out, whether they will stand cold pack, etc. In other words, you buy fruit jar rings blindly."

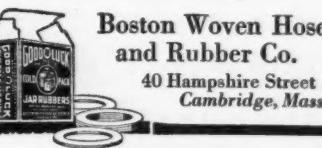
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Boston, Mass.

TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION

IT is probably no exaggeration to say that constipation is responsible for more of the physical misery of mankind than any other of the so-called minor ills of the human race. A few hints therefore as to some of the means of preventing or curing the evil may help to promote the well-being of many, both young and old.

In the first place we must disabuse our minds of two common errors—first, that the bowels can ever be made to function properly by the use of drugs and, second, that constipation can be cured by exercise, no matter what kind. If all the much-advertised pills, powders and potions that promise a cure of constipation could be thrown into the sea, it would be bad for the fishes, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, but good for mankind, for then we should have to turn perfume to diet and exercise (including massage and hydrotherapy), which are the only positively curative measures. As for exercise, constipation can be cured by the proper kind,—that is, exercise of the abdominal muscles,—but exercise that does not strengthen those muscles may do more injury than good.

Many people harm themselves by too concentrated a diet—for example, meat or eggs three times a day. The residue after meat is digested is neither bulky enough nor stimulating enough to induce active intestinal contraction. The same objection applies to too much starchy food. Vegetables and whole-wheat or graham bread or corn-meal bread together with some cereal that has not been predigested must enter largely into the daily diet. At the same time moderation must be observed; a person may take in such a large bulk of the advertised anticonstipation preparations as to clog the intestines and so produce the very condition that they are supposed to prevent. Almost all fresh fruits except bananas and berries are excellent, and so are jams and marmalade, except loganberry jam and raspberry jam. Water, cold or hot, should be taken in abundance, say in addition to the fluid taken with meals a glassful before breakfast, a glassful between meals and a glassful at bedtime. Coffee is permissible, but tea should be taken only in great moderation and should not be allowed to draw more than two minutes, if as long as that. Cream and other fats are useful, but milk is not.

Walking is most beneficial, and all able-bodied persons should make a point of walking briskly every day of the year. The special exercises are those that contract the abdominal muscles. Many times a day, when you are walking or sitting at the desk or whatever you may be doing, you should practice retracting the abdominal wall without expanding the chest. Other special exercises can be devised by anyone with a little ingenuity and should be observed religiously. Anyone who acts upon these suggestions and fails to get some measure of relief is in need of medical care.



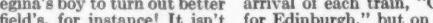
REGINA COMES A CROPPER

"I WANT to hear every word about your visit," Lynn Dallas said, sitting down in her particular chair before Marcia's fire. "But first and most particularly I want to know all about Regina and her boy."

"Regina is a marvel! She runs two clubs and her household and keeps up her singing, and yet that boy of hers is the finest specimen you ever saw—head up, eyes dancing, anything but a neglected child! It makes me boiling mad that it's so; yet somehow Regina achieves it."

"She would," Lynn agreed. "But what makes you so mad? Regina always did achieve things. What else did you expect?"

"I don't want Regina's boy to turn out better than—Betty Fairfield's, for instance! It isn't right! Because when it comes to real honest loving Betty could beat Regina a hundred to one. And yet her laddie isn't so fine physically or intellectually as Regina's."



A HELPFUL PORTER

IT was the new porter's first day on duty at a busy junction in Scotland. He had been instructed, says the Tatler, to shout on the arrival of each train, "Car-stairs, change here for Edinburgh," but on the arrival of the first train he became so agitated that he forgot his words and raced down the platform shouting: "Change here for wha'e ya gaun. A' you in there for here come oot."

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

"Time enough yet," Lynn replied. "I'm willing to bet on Betty's boy in the long run. But tell me more about Regina. How does she manage it?"

"By training his imagination. She has solved all the problems of his childhood, mental, moral and physical, by training his imagination! It really is wonderful. He'll amuse himself for hours with two sticks and an empty spool—Regina doesn't believe in playthings; she thinks they destroy a child's constructive ability. Now what's the matter with it all, Lynn? What makes me so mad?"

"That's easy. It's Regina's cocksureness. It always was like a red rag to a bull to you, my dear. As for the boy, if there is to be any trouble, I should say it might be owing to too restricted a diet."

"I wonder!" Marcia cried hopefully.

"You heathen! Aren't you ashamed?"

"But I don't want anything to happen to the boy!" Marcia protested. "It's only—oh, I do wish something might happen to Regina to make her realize that she's as fallible as the rest of us!"

The talk drifted from Regina after that. And it was nearly a year before Marcia saw her again. Once more Lynn came over to hear the news. Marcia's eyes were dancing.

"Lynn, it's happened!" she cried triumphantly. "Regina is up against it just like any poor, human, unglifted mother! Your 'restricted diet' is right. He's only three, but his imagination has got beyond her control. You see, whatever Regina is, her boy is perfectly human and therefore erring at times. He has, moreover, a stiff will of his own. And Regina can't find any way to punish him, because he turns everything into a game! She shuts him in a closet—he's a bear in a cave! She gives him bread and milk only—he's on a desert island! She puts him to bed—he's a woodchuck in a hole! And so on."

"Marcia, you don't mean it!"

"I do mean it! Regina looked perfectly helpless."

And then the two laughed till they cried.



THE COINCIDENCE OF THE VASES

MOST persons can remember at least one startling coincidence in their experience. The elder J. Pierpont Morgan liked to tell of one lucky encounter he had while he was seeking a pair of vases, to complete a set of Sévres table decorations on which he had set his heart. Collectors had been ransacking Europe for them in Mr. Morgan's behalf, and then one stormy night—as Mrs. J. Borden Harriman tells the story in From Pinaflores to Politics—he arrived in London from Liverpool, having come from America without warning the servants when to expect him.

As he ran up the steps and put his latch key to the door a shivering figure in the vestibule drew two vases from under a torn coat and murmured, "I've been going from house to house all day; won't you buy these, sir? My children are starving."

The light from the half-opened door fell on what seemed to be porcelain from the famous set. While the man waited Mr. Morgan rushed upstairs to compare marks. They seemed the same, but it wasn't possible!

"How much do you want for them?" he demanded when he came down.

The man asked a small price, took the money and melted away into the night.

The next day all the London connoisseurs were at Morgan's house, exclaiming, "It's impossible but true!"

The vases matched, and the set was priceless.

"I wasn't expected in London," said Mr. Morgan. "The man didn't know what Sévres was worth. I never could trace him. How did it happen? Out of all London to come to my house and at that moment!"



A ROBIN IN THE CHOIR

A ROBIN—the English robin, it should be said, is a different bird from the American robin—has joined the choir of St. John's Church at Glastonbury, England. People knew that he had built his nest somewhere in the roof of the church, but they were genuinely astonished when one evening as the violin began to play the opening bars of the Messiah the little bird started to sing. With only a few breaks for rest, says a writer in the Country Life, he continued to sing beautifully during the whole of two hours' performance.

That is the second grand sacred concert which has honored with his presence and song, for recently he sang constantly through the Crucifixion and enjoyed helping. Beautiful as the string music is in those two oratories, the finer and sweeter notes of the robin could be heard above it all and made it sound almost heavy and common by contrast.



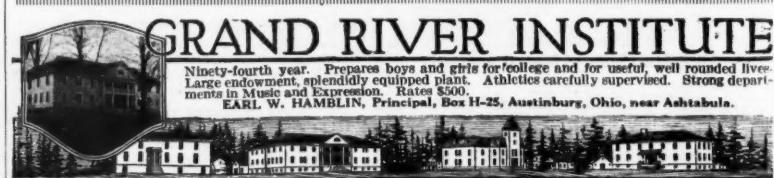
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The School Directory Department of The Youth's Companion will gladly send to parents or others requesting it the catalogue of any Academy, Seminary, Military School, Business College, Art, Scientific, Music or Normal School, College or University.

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A MAIL-ORDER NAVY

AFTER the revolution of 1889 in which the Brazilians overthrew their imperial government and formed a republic President Peixotto realized the need of Brazil for a navy to patrol the northern coast cities, which might possibly secede. Warships were not for sale in the open market; it would take months to build one, and so he resorted to the expedient of ordering one for immediate delivery from an American firm. Mr. Charles R. Flint, who was a member of the firm, tells the story of the unusual order in his book, *Memories of an Active Life*, and of his efforts to strike a good bargain for his client.

When I came to Mr. Huntington in search of a steamship to transform into a cruiser for the Republic of Brazil, Mr. Flint writes, I told the great ship owner simply that I wanted a boat.

"What do you want a boat for?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, "I have been boating all my life. You build them, and I want one."

"Which one?" he asked, instantly divining that I did not want him to build a pleasure craft.

"My choice," I answered.

He told his secretary to give me a list of steamers, and, looking them over, I inquired about prices. Mr. Huntington knew that I did not want the vessel for myself, and he probably suspected that I was acting for a government. If he could have confirmed the suspicion, he would have run up the price, but I parried all his efforts to discover the eventual owner. Then he asked:

"Will you agree not to run this vessel in opposition to the Brazil Line?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Will you agree not to run this vessel in opposition to the Morgan Line?"

Again I answered "yes."

"Will you agree not to run this vessel in opposition to the Pacific Mail?"

That was a catch question. The Pacific Mail ran to many points, and if I had told him that the vessel would not be run in opposition to it, he would have known at once that I wanted her for a government and would have tacked about two hundred thousand dollars on to the price. So I answered:

"No, I will not agree not to run in opposition to the Pacific Mail."

Thereupon Mr. Huntington concluded that I really wanted the vessel for a commercial purpose and told me I might have my choice for six hundred thousand dollars. I wrote him a check to bind the bargain and chose a steamer of six thousand tons displacement, named El Cid, which President Peixotto afterwards christened the Nietheroy.

There was no time to lose. I worked night and day, using my yacht as an office. I ordered munitions from Hotchkiss of Paris and Armstrong of England and a torpedo boat from Yarrow. I bought all the high-power guns and projectiles that could be found anywhere for sale, and that were suitable for the new navy. I opened negotiations with Zalinski, the inventor, for his dynamite gun. Knowing that he had the only dynamite guns in the world, he tried to sell me three for one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. I wanted only one gun. There was a hitch. I had no time for leisurely discussion. Among other things I had to get to Chicago, Zalinski's agent and my lawyer went to the train with me. When the conductor shouted "All aboard" we were still far from agreement. I stood on the back platform. As the train moved out the agent and the lawyer trotted alongside, and as we began to pull away from them the last words I heard were:

"Yes, we will sell you one gun for seventy thousand dollars."

@@

BRIGHT, BUT SLOW

THE inhabitants of the New Forest, one of the few woodland regions left in England, are truly Arcadians. The English novelist Mr. H. A. Vachell, who lives there, writes in *Fellow Travelers* that there are men and women there who have never been so far from home as Southampton, the principal city of the county. During the war one of the ancients asked Mr. Vachell, "Whatever are we goin' to do wi' the Frenchies when we've beaten un?" He believed England was fighting the hereditary enemy!

Mr. Vachell tells another story. An old man was asked whether he had ever been to London.

"Aye, that I has," he piped up cheerily. "They comes to me an' asks me to farm part of what they calls a deppitation. 'Lard love 'ee,' I says, 'I ain't got no closes fit for Lunnon town, I says.' 'Never you mind,' says they; 'do 'ee come along wi' us.' An' I did."

"Well, we all marches so grand an' gay down that there street they calls Regency Street, when all of a sudden-like a gert, red-faced man atop of a bus yells out: 'Halt!' Course we halted, and then he says: 'How in blazes do they keep the crows off the wheat when you fellers come to town?'

"We was undeniably down-scrambled, we was; but a very notable answer blowed into my ved just a fortnight afterwards. 'Twas in November when we was marchin' down that there Regency Street, an' in November there be no wheat to keep crows off!"



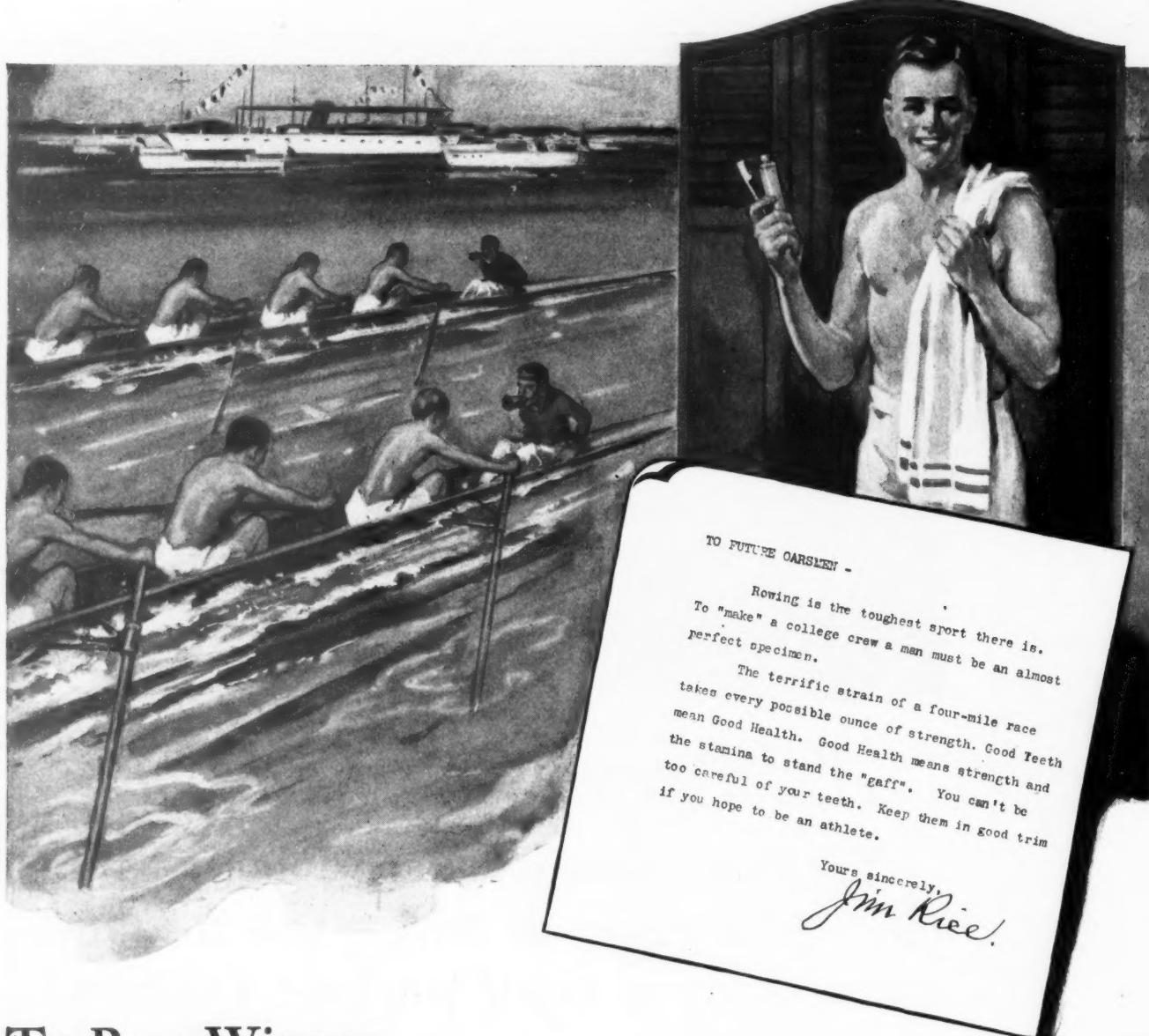
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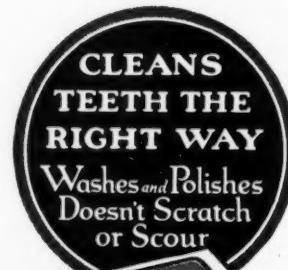
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